

B

CINTHIAS RE. VENGE:

OR

MÆNANDERS EXTASIE.

— Pers. Ipse semipaganus
Ad sacra vatum carmen affero nostrum.

*Similia labia similes
habent lactucas.*

Written by JOHN STEPHENS, Gent.

LONDON,

Printed for Roger Barnes, and are to
be sold at his shop in Chancery-lane,
over against the Rolles. 1613.

The names of the Actors.

CINTHIA.

MAENANDER.	CASSIO.
PHEVDIPPE.	HYARCHVS.
MALINDO.	HIPPONAX.
AMILCAR.	EUPHORBVS.
LARLIO.	FAVORINA.
HIRVDO.	LCVILLA.
GRACCHVS.	LESBIA.
MANTESIO.	BVFO.
PERILLVS	GLADIATOR.
MAGALENSES.	SACERDOS.
MILITES.	SERVI.
	ANCILLAE.

The Ghosts

of

 CASSIO.

MALINDO.

PHEVDIPPE.

To

To the worshipfull and his Constant
friend, *Mr. Io. Dickinson, the Au-*
thor dedicates this Modele of
Inconstancie.

Did (sir) in this lame, but louing dedication, make it a questionable
contouersie, if an Author will, without præ-acquaintance (as I haue
done) respecting his dutie and zeale, thrust forth a doubtfull worke
into a wile and well-decerning patronage, whether the true loue may
bee dispenced with, or the confidence taxed as a presumption : Sure I
am, if any indifferent ludge respect my loue, hee will attribute this to
loues desire, and so my presumption must bee but well-meaning : *Ultra*
et quid superest Let the vaine mercenary rout of Bastard-poets rubbe an
abortive Muse with hope of honourable benefactors ; and sophisticate
rich parts of Nature with most corrupting compounds of Syco-
phanie, yet shall the more attractiue and pure iudgements haue (as
they ever had) a free election, *Et prodeesse, et deleclare*, without incurring
the name of *Nice, deuided Opinionists*. Let therefore Rockes and Mountaines
rise against mee, the boisterous and arrogant auncient Writers
gape wide vpon mee, if you shall reape the least true delight, and sa-
tisfaction, I may bee proud aboue licence, and quietly repose, not wat-
ching who dares assault the Fabricke ; so confident I am of your free
Spirit : *Sic & invarem in verba Magistri* : The worke (no doubt) is in it
selfe a worke, though naked, yet neuer to bee amended, with beauti-
full and faire acceptance, praise and dispraise after Impression bee a-
like, they do neither adde, nor can detract from things simply considered,
so inherent is the name of *Worke* to each compolure ; but I can truely
say, your im-partiall acceptance will make it a good worke to mee ; *Ex-
tiam si fibilat populus* : Briefly then, to auoid prolix Argument, in stead
of an Epistle, I may not enlarge my preambles with needless motiues,
disallowing the errors of all men, and fauourably conniue at my owne
heresies, seeming to detest lucre, &c. which deserue a tractate rather
then so compendious an Epistle which doth onely salute, say *Fare-well*,
And for my selfe thus much :

*Nullus mibi expedivit suum consilium
Nec venter docuit verba conari.*

Your industrious friend,

I. S.

The

The Authors Epistle Popular.

I could now descant (like some sage fabulist) upon reall difference betwixt Readers, and understanding Readers; prescribe a formall limitation who shoud, with my consent, sur-vey this Poem, (which, no doubt, many will terme tedious;) or could most humbly beg at the fowle-fisted paw, of each pretending Aſſe, each ſtaulking Gull, to ſpare his cheape detraction, or rather unboyled carpes, till the Authors next ſervice, and then to choake him with unchewed goblets of his owne dressing, if each particle in the Cookery were not amended; else might I furniſh out a methodicall preparatiue, affording ſome depth of mystery beyond apprehenſion, or affiue the hood-winke bazzars of this age, that every ſyllable ſauors of milkeſoþ, doþ require an eſy ſtomacke, ſlight concoction, ſimple and weake iudgement, &c. ad infinitum. Thus doe our pie-bald Naturaliſts, depend upon poore wages, gape after the drunken haruest of forty ſhillings, and blame the worthy benefactors of Hellicon: Some iſtinate their paines, ſome their excellencie, but all infirmitie, my ſelfe together; yet will I thus farre ingage an upright, meaning, Nec fa-mam, nec mercedem, olethoc opus: not price, nor affection drew forth my ſcribled ignorance. And with all ſo un-willing am I to play Tom-ſoole in Print for nameſake, as I haue purpoſly con-cealed it from the Impreſſion, ſo as the petty volume enioyes his for-tune Fatherleſſe: for indeed (if publithing what was intended priuate were not ſo common) this had bene free for my ſelfe and familiars alane, not with-holding the publicke ſtampe; only to avoide the false imputed taxe of idle and haire-brained diſability; not fearing what plume any garrulous fowle of the aire can challenge, nor in treating, Nemoueat cornicula riſum: My comfort is, all ſpeakē their owne Language, Querritat verres, tardus rudit, oncat aſſellus: Who then ſhall blaſe the tongis, which cannot naturally differ from a ca-lumious and malevolent ſc. in kill? or who exclude any litterall, though otherwiſe illiterate habine, from his prefatory and peenish censure? who muſt, nay will, in ſpite of an Author, meddle with muſter verendable for his money, though but barely meddle. As for the melancholy curriſh paſes, who maſtige is the Infant, or inkeled Orphant, for the fathers ſake, the worke for the Authors, and the Author

To the Reader.

themselves not know why, unless to proue the dogged Antipathy,
whereof Martiall speakes —

— Nec possum dicere quare

Hoc tantum possum dicere, non Amo te.

For these, I account of them no better then curst whelpes without
strength, and teeth, policy, or possibility, to hurt any man who shall
oppose them. Neither let any captious Reader expect by this, to win
more benefit in perusal, then hee hath curtesy in exposition; the wisest
man may learne, though littell, out of this: if humour make them
haughty, esteeming for the most part (as many doe) workes of this na-
ture scarce worthy of their full stomaches; though much ripenesse of
understanding, iudgement of mirth, and morning study, goes to the
making vp of a true Poem: the wisest therefore might haue a better
opinion both of the paines and vices of legitimate Poetaffers, not re-
ferring labours of such consequence to the crudely censure of a full belly;
as marshalling them in like b. l. w. c. b. s. surveying Scenes, by way
of Pamphlet, and Pamphlet for digestion; contemning the coole foun-
taine in dog-daisies like the Asliss, Aise; to run through flames in har-
vest: Fare-well. And truse if thou wilt needs maintaine the Asse-
head, to be rather Archadian, then Acharnican.

1695 taken & read
Lord Fane Esq

The Argument in briefe.

CINTHIA's Altars be neglected by the chiefe estates of Sparta; both King and Councils adiudge her diuine sacrifice, religion, vowed, worship and adoration to appertaine especially, if not punctually, to the weake order of women; because they are subiect to changeable toyes, which take their primitiue, deriuation of *Luna*: Shee therefore inflamed with resolution to qualifie this error, as to informe how farre from iudgement so ir-religious opinions did arise, doth first possess the humor of exalted subiects, with manifest ambition, breach of duty, and allegiance, libidinous concupisence, flattery, faulterie engagments, which in themselues fauour of *Cirthia*'s large instability. *Thedippe* (on whom th. Kings loue reflected with more extreme zeale) she averts from his ebedience to rebellion, by the power of predominance. *Manander* noting a change so manifest doth (by collection) attribute *Thedippe*'s false-hood to her suggestion; resolued confidence begat his rage; his rage, blasphemy; which blasphemy doth againe exasperate the Goddesse: her indignation followes, which with violence brake forth in yong *Mananders* vehement madnesse. A states-man, old *Euphorbus*, doth compassionate his agony, and for a second purpose, counterfets an artificiall extasie, whil'st conceited humor makes *Menander* follow (like *Cirthia*) diuersity of shapes: from Poet he fals to a Player, then to *Ajax*, from thence to *Mercury*, in whose habit, assuming the most sacred essence of a substance incorporiall, hee enioynes *Euphorbus* to make some experiment heereof by his poniard, being perswaded hee was impenetrable: *Euphorbus* easily induced by temptation, as pretending to establish a new Monarch, doth oppose and kill this every-way deluded King: A generall approbation doth thanke his policy, which made a finall *Catastrophe* of madnesse; and so reuenge is pacified.

To his friend the Author.

One Swallow makes no Summer, w^est men say,
But who disgiroes that Prouerbe, made this Play.

F. C.

To his much and worthily esteemeid friend the Author.

VV Ho takes thy volume to his vertuous hand,
Must be intended still to understand:
who blutely doth but looke vpon the same,
May aske, what Author would conceale his name?
who reads may roaue, and call the passage darke,
Yet may as blind men sometimes hit the marke.
who reads, who roaues, who hopes to understand,
May take thy volume to his vertuous hand.
who cannot reade, but onely doth desire
To understand, hee may at length admire.

B. I.

TO

To his true friend the Author.

I was unwilling to prefixe one verse;
Thy booke and Poem may it selfe commend,
My duteous zeale doth make mee yet rehearse
Rimes of thy worth, none as I am thy friend.
For Ladies may, thy Poem cannot need
An Vsher to lead on, or to succeed.

G. Rogers.

To his Endeered Author.

Long let thy Muse her wished seatte intjoy,
Into whose breast shee fertill store doth bring,
which makes thy penne the cause of her imploy,
By pleasing stile and Poems shee doth sing;
Amidst whose lines sweete Laurels up are sprung
which doe adorne their sole effectiue stemme
As flexile branches, fitteſt to be wrung
Into that forme, of Poets Diademme.
What ſhall I need then to inuoke at all?
Or wiſh applause from out the vulgar crue?
I leauē ſuch praife to men iudicall:
They giue each worke that to it ſelfe is due,
Whose lauding palmes, might ymp an Authors Pen,
And raise a Phenix from a ſilly Wren.

Tho: DANET.

CINTILLAS

CINTHIA'S REVENGE: OR MÆNANDERS EXTASIE.

Actus I. Scæna I.

CINTHIA.

THe chiefeſt point of Kings felicity,
Some ſubiects do eſteeme Authority.
Wee are aboue, the Potentates of earth
Be vnaquaunted with high bloud and birth.
We do tranſcend ſupremacy of Kings,
Account them (as they are) moſt mortall things.
Subiect to putrifaction, to diſease,
To folly; which no phisicke may appeafe.
Yet they do magnifie themſelues alone,
Their haughty ſtomackes doe acknowledgē none
Aboue; who may ſuch dignity ſurmount:
Of power ſupreme as fables they account.
My God-head may with priuiledge complaine
Of *Sparta*; whose proud factious Kings refraine
By wicked councell, from due ſacrifice
At my religious Altar: they ſuffice
To render duty in Olimpickes once,
And rob me of an--tique oblations:
Which wee ascribe vnto the base reputē
They do conceiue of our Divinity,
My Temples honour and ſupremacy.

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

To Matrons (Bauds and Widowes) they translate
To seruice of weake women dedicate
My whole prædominance; they do exempt
Mans homage, and beleue my power of change
Extends no further then the female sex.
This new-conceited error Il'e refute,
Il'e manifest how farre compulsive change
Doth ouersway proud man; Il'e execute
The rigor of my vengeance: dreadfull awe
Gods do obtaine by a corrective law.
And thus will I restore that holinesse,
Which they extinguish through bold sawciness:
Mortals contemne the Makers Diety,
Vntill his wrath scourge their impiety.

Act. 1. Scœn. 2.

MENANDER, HIPPONAX, EUPHORBVS, LELIO,
PHEVDIPPE, HYARCHVS, PERILLVS,
a Hearse.

Nature acquainted well with indigence,
Defining (in it selfe) our impotence,
Liable to corruption generall,
Shewes, nothing doth endure that's naturall:
Sterne death no pitty takes on hallowed age,
Vpon the sucking babe, whose harmelesse twine,
Tenderly hangs abo't the nurses necke.
Neuer did old mens holy teares obtaine,
Neuer did death from Innocents restraine.
The slue who smothers in obscurity
His hate'd life; who neuer did account
Ofrising Sunne, eclipse, and prodigies,
More then of customes and impertinence;
Neuer accounted seasons, months, and yeares,
Autumnall haruest, Spring-tide happinesse,
Further then meanes to nourish misery,

Who

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

Who neuer lent the busie world a smile,
But breathes out melancholy aire, and groanes.
This man (alike with Epicures and Kings,
Who often striue with a departing soule)
Expectes vpon the leisure of his tate,
So Kings and Cripplles be incorporate;
Their ashes often mixt, when they repose
Two petty vernes, their bodies oft inclose.
Death, how impartiall be thy wounds? how free
From all exceptions? My beloued fire,
Lusty and full of Spirit fwe dayes since,
Here humbled lyes, once roiall prop of Greece.
E v. Laments are idle, neither can recall
Your fathers soule backe from *Elizium*.

M E N. But grieve informes the world hec once did liue
Worthy, and well respected, like a Prince,

Wi om people pray for, and whose happy raigne
True subiects craue to be perpetuall.

H Y P. But sorrow in excesse (dread soueraigne)
Begets a weake distraction of the braine,
Breeds a contempt of mundane diligence,
Neglects profession, violates the law
Of solace, and abhorres congruity,
Giues carelesse raignest to sicke security,
Turnes nature to a liuing lethargy.

M E N. True *Hypnosx*, and therefore temperance

Limits with reason our compulsive woe:

For men of pure discretion (you may finde)
Beare all extremes with a most æquall minde.

Repeat *Perillus* (the last signe of loue)

A poem to expresse the Obsequie,
With teares concluding his *Catastrophe*.

P E R. Feare to offend his farre divulged name,
Which (who may mention without righteous fame)
Being euer busied in effecting lawes,
Commended still with popular applause,
Retaining orders of Antiquity,

CINTHIAS REVENGE.

Forbids me to repeate his Elegie :
Each clamorous echo and all forrest-noise
Ingendred by the Sylvan *Dryades*,
Be henceforth silent; neuer may such tunes
Afford free mirth to Poets phantasie ;
Who, may surcease to sing their sacred layes,
Viewing the vnaccustom'd change of time :
Till future ages do reviue the losse
Of our deiected worthy in his sonne,
Whose true externall image doth retaine,
The liuing lustre of our wonted king,
May whose deere genius dwell thy gifts among,
And vs prouoke to leauue his funerall song.
M A E N A N. Enough; and in that finall word, *Enough*,
Our lamentations faile : remoue the hearse,
His body sleepes : who may the soule reverse?
(My Councell) stay, assist me ; and because
From the succession of new Kings, new lawes
Take their originall, I do intend
Enormities of custome to amend,
Matters (though in themselues erronious)
Amended, may proue meritorious.
Had but impartiall Fate faine longer weekes,
Allotted to my safe progenitor.
He, by aduise of your sage grauity,
Had finished (ere this) what you begun,
Which (through default) I must remember done:
The people of our continent, each sexe
Both masculine and female, do adore
A Goddesse, whose effentiall part is change,
(Proper to widowes, virgins wilde, and wiues)
Antiquity doth call her *CINTHIA* ;
The honour, sacrifice and Hecatombes,
Spent in the solemne, superficiall awe
Of her accounted-sanctimonious law,
Are (without æquall number) infinite.
We, knowing her supremacy extends

CINTHIAS REVENGE.

No further then weake women, will abridge
That annuall expence, and will confine
Such customare deuotion to the sect
Of Priest-hoods fœminine; their simple sexe
Shall by iniunction worship CINTHIA,
To whom indeed they be subordinate.

So, this decree of priuiledge exempts
Men from oblations : Let an Officer
Informe the people thus. O M N. We all subscribe.

M A E N. Your dutifull acceptance (noble friends)
Of this propounded pollicy, doth vrge
My secret nature to disclose the loue
Which was inflam'd when iuniority
Of yeares and iudgement (my associates)
Gau me aduice, which a more grounded age
Doth entertaine, with equall permanence:
With selfe-same seruor and integrity
Of true entire affection, as before.

H Y P. What *Spartan* Lady will oppose the King?
E V P H. What *Spartan* Lady doth *Menander* loue?

M A E N. Nay friends allow the marriage of your King,
A matter lawfull first in generall
And thence refute the scruple so precise,
Which boulsters vp a life Monasticall.

O M N. That scruple wee as errour do account.

M E N. Then Il'e aduertise in especiall,
You sapient hearers of that beauteous dame,
Who, vnredeem'd *Menander*, captiuate
Doth hold in fetters, though a free-borne King,
The daughter of *Hyarchus* doe I loue.

H Y. My daughter? vnexpected happinesse!
Giue me then leauie, sweet rauishment, to see
Her glad espousall celebrated once,
By which, but some coniecture may arise,
To see the royall issue of her wombe ;
And Il'e go lodge in my forefathers tombe.

M A E N. Do all agree with this old or 'c-loyd man?

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

H I P. E V P. True subiects will commend *Mananders* choyce.
M E N. Nothing doth more prevent a Princes fate,
Then wise directing Councillors of State.

Act. I. Scœn. 3.

M A L I N D O, H I R V D O.

Grosse indignation! manifest repulse!
Am I neglected? O disdainfull Prince!
May wee obserue thy peevish altitude,
Like a contemptiue groome or Sycophant,
Without your glaunce and poore espyall? Judge,
O judge my quarrell some ingenious man,
Witnessse my righteous challenge of his pride;
Resolute me some indifferent arbiter,
How to digest this ignomious pill.
My loue and duty both rejected thus?
My dignity esteem'd so little worth?
My salutations frustrate? Some poore doult,
Who payes a curtesie and supple cringe
For euery dram of aire hee suckes in,
Cannot be vs'd with lesse humanity.
Wee, bending, stoop'd before his Maestly,
Hee, with a crabbed countenance, cleane auers'd,
Goes on like some dull statue; neuer stoopes,
Nor smiles, but with a frowning arrogance,
Just like a moulded picture, like the frame
Of a supported Image, doth moue on,
As by some artificiall new deuice,
Puppets are seene to make a solenne daunce.
He now attened with a barball size
Of sober Statesmen, doth reiect my loue,
As if I were not in full æquipage
Of his owne yeares: nay almost of degree,
Excepting his high place of Soueraigne,
O pride of Princes! ô how forceable

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

Be scornfull frownes from an offended King?
This argues guilt, and makes me culpable,
Without a conscious crime; without pretence
Of any thing committed: In defence
I therefore well may pleade pure ignorance.
What new suggestion should exasperate
The Kings displeasure? doubtlesse, he of late,
And his bigge title, was more affable,
More gent and curteous: but the crowne perhap
Is heauy, and requires the cunnning helpe
Of those gray dotards (who indeed possesse
Our most deluded Monarch) to support
A thing so massy, and immence; proceed,
Soone may my wrathfull curses ouertake
The proudest veine of their aduanced soules:
May the vaste concave of *Olympus* cracke
And giue a signall to our Gods decree
Of dissolution ready to approach,
Of earth and heauen their latest period,
When I repent my curse, or do abstaine
From an effectuall meanes, which may procure
Destruction, though delai'd; yet deadly sure.
Am I not noble? bred of æquall stemme
With *Sparta's* chiefe and best Magnificoes?
My Auncestors (remou'd but nine degrees)
Knew never man below the bloud of Kings
Worth æmulation, as a riuall fit
For them, admitting mighty Emperours,
None as aboue, but as competitors:
From those heroicke monuments of *Greece*,
From those *Hyruds* you can testifie,
Our selfe deriuers a lineall descent:
And by the law of *Heralds* dignitie,
(A fact supported by antiquity)
I am enrould amid the chiefeſt ranke
Of Dukes, which gouerne this *Peninsula*:
Yet ſhall I trauerſe ſo obsequiouſly,

Within.

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

Within the glaunce of his huge altitude,
Like some dejected melancholy Asse,
Which feeds on thistles. H y. Death! you are abusde,
Were I the man appointed to sustaine,
So vndeseru'd a signall of disgrace,
The proudest King in *Europe* should perceiue,
I'de not digest an iniury so base.
You being the subiect of such high abuse,
You should with faction terrifie the King,
Amaze the Court, and make your opposites
Tremble againe like babes, who shaking stand,
Doubtfull of mercy from the Tutors hand.
Were I the man whom dignity of place
Entitled to such vaste prerogatiue
As you enioy, no scandall, no disgrace,
Should touch my honour without full reuenge:
The King himselfe should not escape my spleene,
(Vpon so iust a quarrell) I'de affront
His ample greatnessse: nay expostulate
On equall tearmes, why without open cause
He should reiect my seruice with a frowne,
I'de taxe him of vngouern'd appetite,
Selfe-humour, peevish ignorance of state,
And charge him to amend infirmities:
If like a tyrant hee but durst reply,
Rating the licence of audacity,
Then would I menace torture; I would teare,
The big voluminous Title he doth weare
Pin'd on his backe by parasites and knaues,
Who though they want, yet can bestow much grace,
Kings when they leaue to be vpright, are base.
M A L. Make me acknowledge this thy loue sincere,
Bring thy magnanimous courage into act;
O be my agent, reconcile the doubts
Which do possesse my intelle&tuall sence.
The Statesmen are my sole Antigonists,
They do seduce and steale away the King.

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

Keefe his heroicke bountie for themselues ;
They doe detaine his nature punctually,
Make him (deluded) parsimonious,
Erect who pleases their magnificence,
Who them displease, the king must frowne vpon:
They do entombe the silly wretch aliue,
Make him as dead, to eminent designes,
Which they approue not; then reuiue his will,
To aduenture such, as none approue but they.
In briefe, they leade him like a Lyons whelpe,
Taine, and yet fierce ; if so the keeper please,
To wurrify with aduantage : then beware,
Those who offended haue the keepers will ;
By which, the tame-taught Lyon's gouern'd still.
H r. Beleeu't my Lord, a home-bred naturalist,
Whose resolution neuer was confirm'd
By art, example, or experience ;
Who neuer knew a faith historicall,
(That low step to a warrant rationall)
His anger woulde ready for attempt ;
Nay finish all with very good successe,
Whilst you revolute a tedious aduice,
Of which, too long delay doth spoile the prize.
M A L. But sir, the high opponents, who traduce
My honour, and good name, be numerous,
Men of no dung-hill breeding (not aduanc'd
By some especiall Madame of the Court,
For a concealement of her secrerie,
In case, where witnesse, bawdy hand, or seale,
To broken Titles be restoratiue)
But matchlesse in theia eminence of birth,
Not sprung from petty page, or foot-boyes race,
(Onely remou'd, to fill vp vacant place,
And rob iudicall statesmen of deserts,
To whom by Nations law, all fame reverts)
No, my assailants be both rich and wise,
(Two qualities scarce analogicall,

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

Yet my oppugnant enemies haue both)
Rich, wise, and nobly borne; nay fauourites,
Men of an æquall iudgement with my selfe,
Ingenious they be (though Flatterers)
Who with calumnious faction doe deprave
My potent fortunes, making birth a slave.
My foes be great, therefore I am disnaid,
And to incounter great ones am afraid.
H. Y. What huge *Antaeus* may of conquest brag,
Who ouercomes a Pigmy? or insults
Ouer a simple wrech condemn'd to chaines?
May *Jones* owne Eagle stoope at stinking flies?
And suffer Owles to penetrate the skies?
Well did that mighty *Indian* dog deserue,
Whom neither Bucke, mad Bull, nor threatnring Boare,
Could from the kennell make to rise, before
A stout eouragious Lyon, king of strength,
Irefull enough, with vengeance in his iawes,
Prepat'd for single combat; boldly then
Like a resolued Champion forth he flew,
And the Maiesticke Lyon fiercely flew.
Giue me a man, whom neither multitude,
Nor meanes to worke reuenge, can terrifie;
Who, though incompass'd with corriuall foes,
Immut'd with aduerse competitors,
Left eu'n amidst the circumuenting lawes,
Of greedy hounds, and hunters policy;
Can, like a whirle-winde, in despight of those,
Who with vnaequall faction dare oppose,
Fly through the thickest, make their big-swolne mawes,
Ieuell with stinking lakes, and ditches deepe,
Like a *Colossus* though they stood before.
Who may esteeme it an inglorious act,
Rather who thinkes the valour not deuine,
Which through a banded troope of enemies,
Doth, like some bolt of thunder flye apace,
And force withstanding obiects to giue place?

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

Men of your size being vrg'd with insolence
Of peeuiish statists æmulating pride,
(A humor most vnecessary ill)
Should, like the murdering Chain-shot, driue downe-hill
Castles and rockes, although impregnable,
Make mountaines stoope before you, rend vp Okes,
Buffet large *Atlas* with incessant strokes,
(Though the supporter of *Olympus* frame)
Till heau'n and earth begge rescue for the same.
Yet shallow great-men, they must wise-men seeme,
For noble births doe liue by peoples breath ;
Nor may the priuiledge of birth redeeme
Our æstimation, subiect still to death ;
Bee therfore wise (wisedome who dares condeme ?)
If not by nature, then by stratagem.
M A. Thou'art yong (*Hirudo*) resolute and wise,
A plyant apprehension soone will rise ;
Remember now thy naturall good parts,
Thinke if they serue to reconcile the doubt
Of my ensuing mischiefe ; prethee thinke,
If thou dar'st venture boldly to remoue
My foes from bounty of *Mananders* loue :
Which, till the blinded King doe abrogate,
Each foole may from my fortunes derogate.
Combine thy powers, and ingenious parts
To salue the wound of my disgrace, which smarts,
And be my creature ; meditate withall
Our now-declining ioyes to re-install :
And be my creature; satisfie the King
By some corrupted meanes, or anything :
And bee my creature ; may some new deuise,
Purchas'd by Magicke Art, and hellishprise,
Wholly avert the puny Kings beliefe
From our opponents tales, which doe in chiefe
Poyson my merits ; ô abolish those,
And bee my creature, or indeed deere slauie
I will bee thine ; doe but imploy some care

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

To best aduantage of thy agent-skill;
Remember then, thou art my creature still.
Hv. Know then I loue thee Duke, and must preferre
Thy fortunes, though I doe confiscate all,
Whom Gods will not releue, inuention shall.

Act. 1. Scœn. 4.

LVCILLA, HYRVD O, LESBIA.

The King my brother? No, my brother clowne,
Malitious coxcombe, peeuiish *Spartan*-foole;
Death'brided? ô my torments! Ls. Madam know,
He is contract alreadye. Lv. To a whore?
The strumpet *Fauerina*? Hv. Hearke iust heauen!
She railes vpon a virgin, whose pure soule
Might giue example of true chastity
To her owne spotted, leprous infamy.
Ls. Now old *Hyarchus* laughes. Lv. Her father: yes:
A rotten Magistrate, who may thanke warme clothes,
Caudels and physicke for each rising Sunne,
Which he poore man is made partaker of,
His daughter must be married to the King:
So, I, degraded must acknowledge one
Aboue vs. in our female properties.
Be boundlesse my exclaimes, and terrible;
(Curses) assemble your offensive rage,
And helpe a womans fury to disgorge
The poysone of her stomacke, in the face
Of a most spightfull brother, whose designe
Is vnto me a purge so laxatiue,
As my vnable body will be spent
With bitter execrations; ô I feele
The storme of vengeance wrestle in my bloud,
Tempting my soule to bee more great then good.
O may the horror of some fatall knife,
Finish the blessings of my brothers wife.

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

May she liue loath'd, or neuer may she liue,
Till heauens vnto my happinesse shall giue
A freedom, to insult and tyrannize,
Vpon that impious whore, that Cockatrise.
O may new mischiefe tread vpon the heeles
Of terrour, to affront the ioy she feeleth.
Let some infernall Negromanticke charme,
Change their expected happinesse to harme.
Let many clouds salute their nuptiall morne,
With omenons affrights in way of scorne.
The height of mischife makes my sorrow sound,
As *Opo-balsum* doth a bleeding wound.
H y. O the rude licence of a womans rage,
Who her malignant discords can presage?
So, let her vanish, and her gall vnmaske,
Till wee accomplish our appointed taske.

Act. 1. Scoen. 5.

HYRVDO, MENANDER, FAVORINA, HYARCHVS,
PHEVDIPPE, MALINDO, EPHORBVS,
HIPPONAX, LICTOR.

My sorry conscience doth recoyle (old men)
Worthy *Malindo* did inforce my vow
To proue delinquent, rather then oppose
My dreaded soueraignes lite (an impious act,
Virg'd by the cunning of more impious age.)
O then submit, with pœnitentiall teares
Confesse, your age offend the King through feares,
Om. Magis'r. Our age offend the King? we vrge this act?
H y. Of murther: yes, you loue *Monopolies*.
Om. Mag. Subtill distraction!. L i c. Silence. M e. *Hipponax*.
Hyarchus we disclaime your subtilties.
F a v o. My father so reieected? M E N. Queene forbeare,
Malindo is our faithfull favourite.
M A. In thy protection let our kingdome liue.

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

M E N. Welcome braue Duke; be euer mine, belou'd;
Accounted in the chiefest scarlet ranke
Of vnderstanding Iudices; we thanke
Your noble and magnaminous resolute,
Your charitable vndertaking; be aduanc'd
And euer in my bosome: you are loyall.

M A L. Daigne a mighty Monarch but experience,

M E. Your loue already hath in ample sort,

Giu'n testimoniall enough: be grac'd

And euer happy in our high account:

Another subiect Officer I haue,

Pheudippe cal'd; on whom the graces smile:

A man so absolute in my approofe,

That Nature hath reseru'd small dignity

Which he enjoyes not. Welcome friend approch,

Forsake the Citie, euer dwell in Court;

Nay neerer, in my bosome: we obserue

Your manifest indeuour, diligence,

And all industrious faculties that lodge

Themselues in thee with a true correspondence,

Wee note your projects, and esteeme them highly.

P H E. I seruile groome put forth small industry,

Excepting what I owe in subiects duty.

M E N. My father, in the latest sillable

Of his weake vt'rance, did inculcate often,

Thy vntrewwed loyalty: be bigge

In honour, and out-shine the radiant glosse

Of bearded politicians: kneele before vs,

And in vprising swell with a new name:

No more *Pheudippe*, but all-potent Duke

Of wide *Illirium*; (noble friend) arise,

We diue into the bottome of thy soule,

Which doth ingender a sweet sympathy.

Liue long and happy in a Monarchs loue:

Malindo, you prouide some Theater,

Some regall shew, wherewith we mutually

May solace and disport our heauinessse.

CINTHIA'S REVENGE. ;

*Hyrndo liue : May treason euer finde
The biting tortures of a troubled minde.
You magistrates imagine it a curse,
And punishment beyond all punishment.
(If you attainted are with any guilt
Of so enorme designes) thinke it a curse
To sucke vp the salubrious aire, and liue,
Fame will infect you, though I pardon giue :
O M N. So prosper we as we are innocent.*

Act. i. Scœn. 6.

MALINDO, HYRVD O.

Good slauie I thanke thee, thou hast reconcil'd
The Kings distastfull and ambiguous frowne,
I must enroule thee in the Catalogue
Of my professed fauorites : contemne
The seruile clog of stooping curtesie:
• Enjoy what euer in the bounds of freedome.
Be idle, and securely friuolous,
Wanton or any thing that appertaines
Vnto a noble personage of worth.
Or if thou wishest a contented life,
Free from the cauils incident to worth,
Bee onely idle, euer gazing out
Of publique windowes, and obserue the pride
Of such a man, faire mounted on his cloth
And gelding dapple gray, accounting all
His footmen, till the coltish bayard stumble.
Bee whom thou pleaseſt, whom thou doſt ſuppoſe
A bleſſed man is, abſolutely rich.
H. r. All this demands a furtherance, my Lord.
M. A. Yes, and that furtherance will I beſtow :
But the moſt noble haue their enemis,
Their oppofites, antigeniſts ; nay ſome
Of ragged base repute do ſtill ſuruiue,

Who

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

Who (notwithstanding) dare maligne the state
Of vs, though splendor to the Common-weale.
These vomit forth each scandall, each contempt,
Malice and gall together : poyson choke them ;
I feele their aspice venome here involu'd,
They wound worse then a raging Basyfiske.
How bitter is the taste of contumele !
Some patience I intreat thee (beau'n) bestow
Vpon our scandalized name : *Reproch*,
That common aduersary of vs all,
Who are in a good way to purchase fame,
Doth dog vs to our latest winding-sheet,
Euen to the wombe of our great grand-mother,
That never satisfied wombe of earth.
Blame not my zealous anger, I am hot,
And carried with true valour, to the pitch
Of an exclaine so requisite : ô flaues,
And prodiges of nature, that will taint
Pure sanctity ; nay, eu'n the Gods aboue,
And their incomprehended holinesse ;
Their sacred essence, with like blasphemy ;
If but enrag'd awhile, as they do mine.
H y. Who? or what man is he that dares do thus ?
S'death I will not endure the sight of him.
M a. How? speake that againe, doe you remember well?
H y. S'death I will not endure the sight of him.
M a. No? why thou vngratefull man; must I aduance,
Must I search out a lodging for thy soule,
And make roome for thy friendship in our bosome ?
Canst ever hope to bee incorporate
With my owne essence? the same man almost,
And not endure the presence, nay the sight
Of our malitious foe? recall your thought :
Each timorous fellow, that abhorrers the name
Of absolute reuenge, could say no more :
What? runne away from our contemned foe?
H y. It's not endure the presence ; nay the sight

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

Of such a flau, yet neuer turne my heeles :
No, I'de embowell the base rogue at first,
Contrieue a quicke dispatch : the villaines heart
Would I expose vpon a mountaines top,
Or offer it vpon my faulchions point,
Fresh bleeding to some wrathfull Deity,
Of vnappeas'd reuenge, in sacrifice :
I'de mixe my vrine with his reeking blood,
And pisse vpon the carkasse in despight,
Disseuer ioynts and flesh, till all were done,
Then toast his marrow in the melting Sunne :
I'de not endure the sight of him aliue.

M A. Couragious resolution ! I commend
Such vehemence in valor : this doth vrge
And animate my purpose to be quicke,
Royall, and open-breasted to a man
Of such full vndertaking euery way.
Let vs implore this youthfull vehemence
Betimes : a quicke bloud calls for action.
Imagine this the pauement where my foe
Hath fixt (vpon the quarrell) his firme foot ;
For know that such a villaine doth suruiue,
Whom I will scourge in thee my fauorite,
Briefly you must disgrace and murder him
Whose name is hitherto conceal'd ; but you
(After instruction for the stratagem)
Shall know the varlet, whom you must imagine
(Meerely for apprehension) is your selfe.
I like a ruffaine (which remember well,
You must hereafter practise) though for instance
I will now vndertake it, vnawares
I fetch away your not misdoubting heeles
From the trampled earth, eu'nthus : then sweare
Some oath of high importance, that the aire
Shall neuer be infected with a flau,
Who breathes out poysoned blasphemy on earth.
Sweare then that neither shining light of day

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

No interchanged seasons shall affoord
One minute more of bleffing, that himselfe
Shall not enjoy one article of breath
Beside, to aske forgiuenesse of the world:
Sweare that no planet, no supernall starre,
No Hercules, no Gigantean arme
Shall rescue villaines from appointed harme:
Then spit him through the center of his heart,
Eu'n thus, *Hirudo*. H y. But you iest Im'e sure,
S'death I am flaine; forbeare, ingratitud'e!
I perish without expectation: O.
M a. May my suspected agents perish euer.

Act. 1. Scen. 7.

MALINDO, MESSENGER, PERILLVS.

There sleepe (vnthought of) in a vaulted tombe:
Thus great men must be iealous of their faine,
Preuent all blemish in a noble name.
Now King and kingdome both are almost mine,
Lights be obscured when the greater shaine.
The King reputes me loyall and submiss,
(Transparent coulour to deceiue a Prince)
(But hell beare record) I am bent to ruine,
To purchase kingdomes, or impeach my state,
Who neuer ventur'd, neuer knew his fate.
In *Epires* rule now liues my noble friend,
Thither will we addresse our false complaint,
Pretending I am hated here at Court,
Threatned to death, not likely to escape,
Withall insinuare our appointed ioy,
Which fwe fayes hence the King doth celebrate.
Informe I may, that then both Prince and Peeres,
Will bee assembled in the Theater:
And being so, how safely hee may send
A manadg'd Army to destroy them all.

(Dissembling

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

(Dissembling still the meanes to rescue mee
When I am fasse aduaunc'd) but meaning most
To further my aduancement : for which cause
I fram'd this little motiue : Hoe within,
Fly to the confines of *Epirots* rule,
Deliuier vnto *Cassius* my friend,
The Gouernour, this caution heere incloſ'd,
Vrge him vpon allegeance euer due,
From one friend to another, to make haste.

Speake this, and speake no more, neither to any
Open the paſſage dores of vtterance,
But to my friend, my deere, my best beloued,
M E S. Imagine me a blocke, a *Niobe*,
Conceiue my mouth to be deuoid of tongue,
Till with content I do accomplish all.

M A. Bee ſecret as calme ſilence, or the night.
My care muſt follow to frame Theatres,
Warning the *Megalenses*, our Comædians
To act ſome pithy and applauded Scène,
Wherewith to shadow my pretenſive zeale.
But well-incountred (Poet) pray approach,
And let vs parley of an Enterlude.

P E R. Patron of Poets, muſt beſteemed Duke,
Leauing the Muses, and my pleafant cares
Regarding yours more then my owne affaires,
Poore Poet I'lle attend your confeſſion,
Command mee euer, moſt ingenious Lord.

M A. Command *Perillus*? no, intreat thee rather,
Each high-borne Title muſt aduance the worth
Of holy rapture : pray informe the Actors
Of ſome true Morall, of ſome Tragedy
Or elſe ſome ſubiect more ridiculous,
Which may with new deuif'd conceits stir vp
The dull and ſolemne audience. P E R. Beleeue
I'lle ſtretch the ſcantneſſe of my Mother-wit,
Rather then faile for to accomplish it.
The God of Kings protec~~t~~ thee : ſo adiew.

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

M A L. Attempts of great men speake in siluer tones,
Thus gilded tombes ore-shadow dead mens bones.

A ct. 1. Scœn. 8.

CASSIUS, SOVLDIER, MESSENGER.

S O V. A speedy foot-poast heere attends your honor.
C A S. His message? S O V. Out of *Greece*, and more precisely
From *Sparta*. C A S. Then admit the messenger.

Now friend, your businesse? M E S. Open sir the Casket.
Somewhat's within contain'd, that will instruct you.

C A S. Arme if thou lou'st me noble CASSIUS,
And helpe thy brother with a roiall rescue,
I am in prison, prethee make great haste,
Or I am dead: 'gainst Ianus-festimall,
Addresse thy courage to assault our King,
Both King and Statesmen kill, for fit occasion
Will bee afforded, while they sleep: secure
Busied with ioy, and iesting Cordials.

Arme if thou lou'st me noble Cassius?

Yes, arme I will, and in despight of spight
Rescue thy valor from the blackest night,
Which enuy, or malignant wrath can yeeld,
To darken thy resplendant fortitude.
Carry the letter(friend) from whence you brought it,
Let nothing hinder quicke deliuary:
Nothing excels a wise dexterity.

A ct. 1. Scœn. 9.

PERILLVS, 2 MEGALENSES, MESSENGER.

You (*Titio*) shall act *Mandragona*,
But you (*Eulalio*) stout *Bellephoron*,
Each hath his part appointed, as in playes,
And this our actiue Scœne, so in the world

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

All haue their parts allotted to begin
At seasons knowne after nativity,
But our evasion out of misery,
What cunning Sophist may denominate?
As for the Prologue in my sportiue Scene,
There needs no Actor it to amplifie;
The festiuall approches, let vs giue

Direction to your fellowes: Looke *Eulalio*, MESSINGER
Unloose that Paper, or peruse the Title: LOOSESTH THE
No superscription? rend the seale, and reade. LETTER.

T. *Arme if thou lou'st mee noble Cassius,*
And helpe Malindo with a royll rescue,
I am in pris'on, prethee make great haste,
Or I am dead: at Ianus Festiuall. &c.

Words of amazement, and exceeding strange.

P. E. I smell a treason hypocriticall.

T. A iust construction; correspondent sure,
To this intent. P. E. And therefore *Titio*,
You (much disguis'd) may safe anihilate
Both his, and our proceedings: Let's be wise,
I'le pen a part shall dash the enterprise.

Act. I. Scen. 10.

MENANDER, PHEVDIPPE, MALINDO, AMILCAR,
LELIO, HIPPONAX, HYARCHVS, EV-
PHORBVS, FAVORINA, LES-
BIA, TITIO, *Milites.*

Ioue, or what-else supernall Deity,
The Gods and Goddesses who gouerne Kings,
Who arbitrate the schisme of month and yeares,
Whose sacred essence heauen and earth adore,
To whom the greatest potentates below,
Do sacrifice their *Greekysh Hecatombes*,
These are accustom'd to dispence with ioy,
And in remembrance of their holy acts,

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

(As now) we often solemnize the day,
Recorded long from all antiquity,
And ciuill ioy perhibite without feare;
Mirth may refresh not disanull my care.
Pheudippe (friend) sit heere; all do agree,
That each mans place should answe dignety.
So, call for this appointed melody.

T. A quiet calme foretels tempestious wind,
And faire-plum'd swans sing sweetest when they dye.
Gesture doth oft conceale a traytors minde,
And many golden dreames do proue a lye,
Sent and inspir'd by heauens high thundring *lone*,
I bid you arme, desist from iollity,
Those who pretend, shew colourable, loue,
What ere avoids the test, is flattery
Gliding a farre from out the *Thracian* soile,
I could espy *Malind*'s friend in armes,
Swiftly addressing his battalions,
Heere to entrap and fully ruinate
You ancient Magistrates, thee matchlesse King.
M A L. Seueraigne the fellow is lunaticke,
Remoue the mad man sirs; away with him.
T. Not mad *Malindo*, thou a traytor art,
Take witnessle from that paper, his owne part,
M E. *Lalso*, Lord Generall, giue speedy battell.
L E. Arme souldiers, arme, cry conquest and approach.
M E. Make ready forces to repell the foe.
M A L. Arise from foggy *Lerna* some soule smoake.
Each liuing creature without mercy choake.
Be euer clouded *Phæbus*, may thy light,
Turne in a moment to eternall night:
Returne obliuion, or the antique age;
Forgotten Chaos, and the pilgrimage
Of vndefiled mans first innocence,
That I all torment may escape on earth,
And be accounted guiltlesse (as at birth)

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

O for enchantments, for a potent charme,
A magick spell that may con-iure the clouds,
To couer mee with darknesse at noone-day!

For such a charme would I expose the wealth
Of *Tagus*, or the Ocean (were it mine)
Helpe, ô assist mee some infernall aid,
Now be propitious (Hell) I am betraid.

Fortune, ô strumpet! Il'e aduance the darke
And fearefull habitation of the dead,
Il'e worship witches, and extoll the praise
Of *Pluto*, Il'e preferre impiety,
Canonize all before thy Deity.

The bloud of *Nessus* neuer did inforce
A *Hercules* to halfe such vehemence.

M.E. Was't you *Malindo*, that through mischieves baite
Compos'd this ensigne of a hollow heart?

Alas I lou'd thee well, why didst deuise
Such fatall Scenes, fashion'd of bloud and death?
The paper mourn'd when thou thy mind hadst writ,
Yes, mourn'd in blacke meerely to thinke on it:
But you persist in deepe obdurasie.

I mourne my selfe, yet am deuoid of pitty,
Because thy error is ambitious pride.

M A L. The man whom fate hath from æternity,
From since the worlds beginning, hath enrol'd
Amidst mis-fortunes mournefull Catalogue,
Whose downfall frowning planets haue conspir'd,
Who neuer was the bounded fauorite
Of way-ward rumor; whom aduersity
Hath wholly seiz'd, whom heauens appointed awe
Prepares as fatall obiect of disdaine

To leuell her inuenom'd aime against.
O lethim euer dwell in mothers wombe,
Or let that Infants cradle be his tombe.

M.E. Conduct him Souldiers to the *Carnifex*,
Emphorbus, you attend the finall gaspe,
Then giue to *Cassius* the decouped scull.

M A L.

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

M A L. Ambition leades vs to the fountaines brinke,
But then affoord's destruction 'stead of drinke.

A C T . I . S C O E N . I I .

L E L I O , S O V L D I E R S , A M I L C A R , L U C I L -
L A , S A C E R D O S . &c.

M E. We reade large conquest in our Captaines face,
Stand forth some sober nuntius, relate
The maner of this notable de-signe,

A M I L. Brontes, nor did Pyragmon euer shake
The Anuile of that Iron-munger God
Vulcan, with blowes so vnsupportable,
In hammering the thudderbolts of Jove,
As did the courage of our Generall
(By animating souldiers to attempt)
Shatter the weake array of Cassius.

He faint (for faintnesse euer doth attend
On such designes) being faint before the time
Of on-set, he withdrew so speedily,
As, that retinue of his rebell-slaues,
Beg'd noble mercy of the Conquerour.
But wee, like some fierce Gyant giu'n to spoyle,
Enrag'd with a remembrance of their act,
Their too contemptuous vp-tore; did reply,
With anger vnappeas'd in bloody phrase,
That no compassion should redeeme their liues
From famine of our faulchions: for indeed,
Rebellion must be scourg'd vntill it bleed.

Then flew the common Souldier with such speed,
To enterprise in rigor the new spoyle,
As neuer did a hungry Woolfe insult,
With more vnsatisfied reuenge, then they.
Grim Slaughter in a Chariot of dead sculs,
Rode vp and downe triumphing, till darke night
Shooke off the fetlocke from her sleepy iades,

And

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

And gaue way for retreat; each man before
Troad in contempt vpon the scatred foe,
Vntill my fortune, rather then exploit,
Slue the once owner of this, vn-joyn'd scull,
Then every man gaue backe, with blood being full.

M E. Magnanymous *Amilcar*, I account
Thy courage beyond apprehension; swell,
Swell my *Phendippe* with abundant ioy,
Reioyce in thy coragious sonne, like mee,
Who vaunt the rather, euen because thy sonne
Doth so behauie himselfe, thou being my friend,
Whom I esteeme aboue all earthly good.

Stand forth *Phendippe*, honour doth attend
To cast a gracious smile vpon thee, friend;
And thee *Amilcar*, let vs magnifie.

Malindo sleepes (*Amilcar*) I aduance
Thee through the ruine of his dignity,
Possesse both place and goods. *Ami.* Without desert
As hiterto; but I will endeuour.

M E. We haue a sister, where is she? *Lucilla?*

Let some attendant vrge her company:
Bring hither likewise an appointed Priest,
(Be not amaz'd my sober Magistrates)
Phendippe, you shall be espous'd to her:
Her I'lle bestow, and without preiudice
On thee alone, my noble Bed-fellow.

P H E V. Pardon (deere Liege) least worthy I of all
To be a Monarchs kinsman, lesse, to be call'd
The brother of a Greekish King, your selfe.

M E. Do not refuse, for (noble friend) my loue
Onely admits thee as a friend and brother,
And for a witnesse that I make this league
Of loue and friendship; let's embrace each other.

P H E. Euer obeisance to your Maiesty.

M E. My sister doth approch, let groomes make way
For beauty able to obscure the day.

Sister, behold thy husband; friend, thy wife,

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

Marriage doth breed, but sooner banish strife,
You (Priest) the *Hymeneall* rites may offer :
Acceptance is experienc'd by proffer.

S A C E. Let *Hymen* triumph, and vnite your soules.
M F. Now liue in peace, and brother aske a boone :
Aske what you list, for grant I will what-euer,
Which henceforth may commemorate the time
Of an espousall so remarcable.

P H E. Your deuine Maiesty accumulates
Honour, aboue the trite capacity
Of all contemptuous age ; that auncestors
(Before thy hallowed birth-day) did approue :
(Great King) I haue a kinsman, though obscure,
Yet wealthy, whom (because obscure) I begge
A small part of your high magnificence,
But to enroule amid the Catalogue
Of those you least remember : Kings be wise,
Their bounty will prouoke a flauie to rise.

M F. To deifie the worth of whom wee loue,
Aduancement Il'e impouerish, compell
Honour to hugge thy kinsman, till a warmth
Quicken his humble blood without controule.
Envy, (the scourge of Kings) be henceforth dumbe,
Thus will I treason euermore entombe.
And thus exault our loue beyond all merit,
Birth may do much, loue makes the low inherit.

Finis Actus primi.

Act. 2. Scæn. I.

P H E V D I P P E.

A Midst my slumber, circumvolu'd with doubt,
In this thicke midnight darkenesse, now all fense
Securely lyes inchain'd, now potent dreames,

With

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

With vnresisted awe, rule the dead lumpe
Of mans poore fabricke; now all humane flesh,
Kings, and the sterne-brow'd Tyrants doe submit
Their maiesty to *Sleepes* Imperiall feet.
Now, not long since I dream'd, and could with ease,
Vtrer the subiect, how a mishapen hag,
His haire full horrid blacke, huge were his eyes,
Bigge, like a bowle encompassed with bone,
Thrice did the Impe appeare, did vanish thrice,
Three massy Crownes, of worth inestimable,
(Had they enjoy'd a worth substanciall :)
Thrice did hee shew, and thrice againe withdraw
The hallowed obiects, then a pace proclaime
Quodlibet, licet, and away departs.
I then awak't, strooke with extreme amazement,
And nimblly leaping from a secur couch,
Came to expell this ominous affright.
Reading, or whatsoeuer can auaile
The vigor of temptation, to withstand,
Wee should perhibite (though against our will.)
Heer's an aspiring Poet, whose proud touch,
May elevate some braine aboue the slight
Of nimble apprehension; Il'e vnclaspe
Thy sacred volume, *Lucan*: Il'e content
Myr'uing fancy with full argument.
He writes of witherd sculs, of mutiny,
Ominous apparitions of the dead,
Of *Cesar*, *Pompej*, and Imperiall state,
Of combats forreigne, of domesticke broyles,
Of dire inuasion, of ambitious warre,
(What-euer makes vs noble) fortitude,
Of expert vndertaking, of euent:
O hee's a fellow able to inflame
The frosty stomacke of a staru'ling youth,
Who wholly feeds on rheumish winter-plums.
An Author of commanding Altitude,
And such a man giue me; a man of worth,

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

Who makes the reader rub his paled brow,
Makes idle nature melt away in fume,
Giues breath and courage to out-puffe the Cannon:
Such Authors you may feele at fingers end,
They gallop in your bloud, prouoke each veine,
To giue them passage without violence,
Bella per amathios plus quam ciuilia campos
Iusq; d. itum sceleri canimus populumq; potentem:
Nec quenquam nunc ferre potest, Cesar-ve priorem
Pompeius-ve parem: quis iustus induit arma
Scire nefas: magnose iudice quisque tuetur.
Ah Pompei, Pompei, if thy hallowed acts,
Once more might flourish, I would æmulate
Those bold encounters; ô most happy men,
Whom Fate enroules to bee victorious:
They conquer, spoyle, subuert, and ædifie
Turne Dukes, nay Kings to common Parasites,
And make the proudest flatter to winne life:
Yet Kings are mighty: yes and æquall too;
(Though weake, although base cowards by the law
Of naturall indowment) yet the name
Doth yeeld them æquall; nay aboue the same
Which often doth enrich a conquerour.
What may we hence collect? a principle,
A maxime of no vulgar consequence:
Subiects are base, and to acknowledge one
Superiour, doth note seruility:
O what a most perpetuall slauie is man,
If not the chiefe in prædominance?
Let obscure polititians be content
As chiefe in Parish; or some petty Towne,
I'ld make Dominions tremble with a frowne:
Make every subiect, high and low obserue
The heauy danger of our discontent,
Or make a precious forfeit of each life.
Woe to that King where subiects be inflam'd
With greater zeale of eminence then hee:

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

There must inuasion triumph, timelesse death,
Rapes, murther, all iniquity of age :
By gulfes, by rockes, eu'n by the iawes of hell.
Wee swim who would obtaine the gates of heauen.
O what a large deuinity's involv'd
About the awfull phrase of *Emperour*.
The name, the name of *King*, how it awakes
Our caitife blood, quickens our faculty !
Ambition be my iudge, if I were sicke,
Wounded with pistoles, out of hope to liue,
Forsaken by all Art and physicke law,
Lay speechlesse in my chamber, lost my sence
Of man or voyce making no difference
Yet through the magicke of this powerfull sound,
You are a King, (if hallowed in my eare)
I should againe recouer, should recoyle
Skip forty fadome from the couch, and sing,
Dance without shame, though naked, without noise
Trample amid the pauement, touch my roofe,
Run giddy with glad passion, rub my veines,
Like one reuiu'd anew, esteeme all base
Vnder bloud-royall, be a ranke mad man,
Till ioy and rapture both were cleane digested.
How readily mans temper is traduc'd ?
How forceable temptation doth oppose
The supernaturall act of doing well ?
Wee are like windemils on ambitious mounts,
Open to euery tempest, which will turne
Our sailes without resistance : like the waues
Wurried from shores to rocks; from rocks to shelles ;
Man is not man till he deny himselfe.
Yet on our state's impos'd a slauish curse,
To see things good, though we conniue at worse.

Act.

CINTIA'S REVENGE.

Act. 2. Scœn. 2.

PHEVDIPPE, LVCILLA.

Lvc. Ah husband, husband, what excessiue care
Inuaded me with violence? shot farre
Into my shaking bosome, when I saw
Your sudden ablence? heauy sleepe alas
No sooner left mine eye-lids, gaue me leaue
To aske, how does the comfort of my soule?
How does my silent loue? my deere *Phendippe*?
But with familiar lip, and flexile arme,
I feiz'd vpon the pillow'stēad of thee.
Thinke how intruding iealously began
To blurre whatēuer I could wisedome call,
Within me, or without me; which alas,
All know's extreamely dwarfish in our sexe.
Ph. Iealous the first night wife? Lv. O then or neuer
An honest, louing wife is iealous euer.
Jealous at home, least hufbands ouer-vex
A painfull heart with meditation,
Of matters which concerne his family.
Jealous when husbands bee enforc'd to trauell;
Danger exceeds the obiects they do meet,
Whether by sea, or in the publicke street.
I (peevish foole) perceiuing you were gone,
Thus in my cholet did expostulate:
Doth hee for some dislike abhorre my sheets?
Neglect what others loue? the maiden sweets
Of mutuall embracement? may mens taste
Loose their accustom'd relish, and refuse
The mellow ioyes of ripe virginity?
Will hee contemne the sportiue dalliance
That married couples may engrosse with leaue?
Will he this mid-night shew himselfe no man?
The first night of our meeting bee disgrac'd?
Or will hee by disaster end all strife?

Perish?

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

Perish? and so preuent a formall taxe
That may impeach his manhood? Thus, eu'en thus
Poore foolish I did thus prævaricate;
Thus (for indeed wee women struggle much
Vntill deliuer'd of opinion) thus
Did louing zeale præiudicate amisse.
You are offended (loue) I doe suspect
See how his colour's chang'd, astonishment!
Prethee what peniue thoughts oppresse thy soule?
I reade the humor of a malcontent
Written betweene your eye-browes; recollect
The common sparkes of scatter'd Maiesty.
Speake gentle sir. P H E. Women, women, women.
L v. What of women? P H E. Most women loue to talke,
To scatter tales, and yet sware silence too,
To breed sedition, to deceiue all those
Who in simplicity are confident,
Of honest meaning: ô they doe insult
With a tyrannicke boldnesse ouer one
Who through bewitch'd opinion, doth impart
The substance of included secercie.
O they wil dare the soule of such a man,
Make him so subiect to their base command,
As if they had his heart-strings in their hand.
L v. Raile at our sexe? why husband, though perhap
Such women do suruiue, what will you hence
Conclude within their guilt, my innocence?
P H E. Cry mercy wife, 'good faith I did imagine
Their wicked conuersation, generall,
(All in good time be otherwise:) But wife,
The painters of our age be culpable
Of high abuse committed; they portraict
Each mentall vice in habit of a whore,
A Hagge, a Witch, or Woman, at the least.
L v. Vertue (although the others opposite)
Is painted with the like habiliment,
Therefore conclude, if tender woman-hood

Take

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

Take any full impression of deceit,
Vertue, or vice, of either strong beleefe,
Or colourable incredulity;
To change her minde will aske another age,
You may conuert beliefe, you may reuoke
Errors of wise-men, by a deepe dispute,
But women settled, nothing will confute.
For painters do imply this consequent
By embleme ; that our sexe is permanent.
P H E v. Are you so philosophicall I'faith ?
Well dost thou argue, for thy sexe and selfe.
Shee hath a ripe conceit, and I approue
Her subtill apprehension, out of loue.
I relish her deepe iudgement ; for indeed,
My railing labour'd onely to obtaine
Of wits reply the due experiance,
That in our wisedome of credulity,
We may impart a proud conspirasie.
women shott faire sometimes, though seldom true
Like whetstones they giue edge to trickes anew.
Braue *Catsline* for this cause did account
Yong *Orestilla* worthy to partake
Of his attempt (though farre aboue the braine
Of woman to accomplish) hee approu'd
The talkatiue *Sempronisa* : Thus will I
Induce my wife through cunning circumstance,
To giue directions for a raw conceit :
Though man is rather bless'd, who may with-hold
His closet counsell from a womans eare;
Yet am I of such spungy clay compact,
As till I am dis-burthen'd of my care,
Nothing yeelds comfort : ô I must vnclaspe
A volume, which may prejudice my life ;
Happy's the man who dares beleue his wife.
L v. What magick may this motion ocular
Of lips, without all vtterance portend?
P H E. For men to pause at a poore stile of Dukes,

Most

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

Most frequent Lords, and yet more common knights
Proclaimes them base and triall; if meanes
Of more aduantage may be thought vpon:
Thy father was a King *Lucilla*. Lv. Iust.
PHE. And shall the Chronicles of age report
Lucilla was no Queene? Were I a woman--
Lv. The Madam *Fauorina* doth vsurpe
My due respect. PHE. Shall *Fauourina* liue?
Shall she out-shine the beauty whom I loue?
Nature, nay Gods deny a double Moone,
They both are ominous; they do import
A prodigie of vprores and of death.
Lv. O man assist our weakenesse, wee'le enforce
The potent succour of religious fate;
Con-iure by solemne othe, deepe secresy
So crowne the vigor of conspiracy.
PHE. Now spoke dame resolution: I adore
Such credible ingagement; and embrace
Faction aboue all true fality.
I can discouer yet a childish vice
Within my nature, named cowardise:
I feele a fearefull and familiar stamp
That shewes I am a coward: I recoyle
In thought of high atchieuements; I dissolue
With repetition of a sound so braue
As conquest, and *impariall victory*;
Yet would subdue Dominions; would enthrall
The vast Horizon of our vniuerse:
But I abhorre the sound of enemies;
Of proud resistance: *Ambiguitie*
(With cowards) are begotten of each tale
Of each phantaſtie rumour; idle care:
A new suggestion will beget new feare.
If notwithstanding women will bee stout
Women (the badge of clamorous affrights)
This would encourage flaues to victory,
And shall encourage mee: my wife is valiant,

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

No creature liuing must (*Lucilla*) dare
When twise two Moones haue made a change in *Greece*;
Dare to accost thy super-eminence
Nor with like priuiledge (as now) affront
My then sublim'd authority: be iudge
Thou happy time, when that more haughty phrase
Long live, shall be pronounc'd, with ~~2000~~ twise
Wee'le then disclaime acquaintance; liue re-cluse;
Then if wee are dispos'd to imitate
Some liuely gesture of disdainefull grace,
And peepe into the publicke aire awhile,
The thronging Citty will be crowded vp
In a poore handfull, to ex-patiate
With rowling eies our vnaccustom'd face.

L v. I am inflam'd already: O ambition
Be but auspicious; mount my nymble breath
And win the Gods good liking to command
Of earth and heauen a hopefull furtherance:
Swell heart, and with it swell my brauest bloud,
Sug-gest new motiues deere necessity,
Resolute now for a lucky plot betimes.

P H E. Nay first resolute of some associates:
Three to ~~banquet~~, foure beget a braule
Sayes our instructiue adage: but i'faith
Fiue to a bloody banquet makes all square:
A banquet (wife) a banquet, shall enthrone
Our happy wishes and our hopefull ioy:
The King shall dye. L v. Yes, and the new Queene perish.

P H E. The Captaine of his Guard will I corrupt
With forceable engagement, and faire shewes:
(Chiese architects in a designe so rare,
Sole agents for the great men of our age)
Him if I do seduce; the Souldiers apt
For innouation will obey betimes:
My sonne *Amilcar* (by iniunction bound)
Must then remoue thy opposite, the Queene:
My faithfull steward, sage *Mantefio*

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

Hee (by commandement) shall engrosse the corne
Which haruest hath afforded; and procure
The famishment of those who may resist
By insurrection our new seated blisse.
New barnes Ile build, erct new granaries,
Which (open to their wants,) may well remoue
Cripaled allegiance, and procure much loue.
L. v. The banquet shall obey my prouidence.
P. H. E. WEE who worke iointly, may ingeminate
An others losse makes many fortunate.

Act. 2. Scen. 3.

THE GHOST OF MALINDO.

Phendippe false? and shall the king exclaime?
VVrest vengeance from the rage of *Cinthia?*
Distraction talk'd of in the lower *Dus?*
O I am rauish'd with extremity
Of hellish laughter, of loud harmony:
Balme to my torture, musicke to my soule!
How sweete this clamorous echo: *all revenge;*
Crackes in the iawes of repercuissive aire:
Awake thou damned troupe of high-borne youth
Angels of darkenesse my deere friends awake,
Howle forth some ditty, that vast hell may ring
VVith charmes all-potent; earth a-sleepe to bring.
VVee who be barr'd from happinesse by fate;
VVho be confin'de within the fiery gulfe,
The kingdome of perdition; who exempt
From full enjoying of supernall good,
VVee do but laugh when our colleagues are damn'd
VVee triumph in their multitude, we daunce
Our dismall rounds; our changes double ouer
VVhilst pur-blind owles with night-rauens do consort,
And still together sing though *Cesars* daunce:
I a meere caitife in the prime of youth

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

Nourish'd an itching appetite to rule
The sudden rigor of which new disease
Crept in my dearest bloud; vntill at length
As maggots doe engender by the warmth
Of violent reflection; so attempt
VVas all encourag'd by desire, both which
Creating base ambition, bred my fall:
Thus do prædominant affects consume
All hope; and turne the substance into fume:
Yet seeing our fate is vn-awoide-able
VVhat may we answer sauing *welcome fate*?
For, happinesse wee exiles neuer knew,
Nor any ioy doth holinesse affoord
To vs the out-casts of *Elizium*,
But onely this: to yawne aloud below
VVith iostry shouts; when foes may ranged be
Amongst our hellish troupes for company:
Thus though my obscure shadow much compeld
Payes due allegiance to King *Pluto's* Court
Yet by the iatall wisedome being inform'd
Of dire euent, of *Cinthia's* reuenge,
Reuenge though future; yet in equity
Hereafter to be cast vpon the Prince
Menander (he my downfall did approue
Doom'd execution, him do I abhorre)
VVill triumph in his mid *Catastrophe*:
And do awake to haunt his company:
My shadowed spirit walkes invisible
Can worke it selfe into a Tennis-ball,
Shoote through the Center, search into the Sea;
Slide through the Cauernes, penetrate stone-wals:
VVitch by the pillow of a sleeping man
VVithout all notice taken, without noyse;
Hath liberty to play the *Incubus*;
Haunt whom I please with apparitions,
By privilege assynd from *Pluto's* fordege:
Thus do I haunt *Phendippe*; I suggest

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

Visions of aire, of nocturnall fume,
Forceable to buzzx falshoood in his braine:
Falshood in whom the King so deere accounts
VVill breed a rigor in the Kings exclaimes;
Till hee impeach ador'd deuinity,
His anger will expostulate the cause
Of change so suddaine, of a breach, in loue
So manifest; improper, then *Distrust*
VVill answere chang's deriu'd from *Cinthia*:
His passion will approue the pedigree
And after ful-stuff'd oathes crowne blasphemy:
Then bloody iaw'd reuenge will trot apace
Vpon his winged curtall; to attache
Menander of high-treason: O my Ghost
Shall quaffe downe *Lethe*; tumble in the *W^æsb*
The raine-bow couloured waues of *Acheron*:
I, like some Sea-fish, frolicke with faire shine,
Will tosse about the billowes of our floud;
Then through the flames (in leiu of triumph) scudd;
Till then, implore some wrinkled witch, some hag,
VWhich may prouoke *Menanders* patience:
To torment braue companions yeeld much ease
In sicknesse our associates helpe disease.

Act. 2. Scœn. 4.

THE GHOST OF MALINDO, AND THE GHOST OF CASSIUS.

M A L. VVhat shadow voide of substance hither comes?
VVhat incorporeall essence doth approach?
VVhat vapors painted like my selfe with fume?
(VVho steale existence from uited fogge)
What iubstance insubstantiall? what Ghost
Walks in the clouded element of aire?
Aread thou dumbe associate of darke
And theeuish midnights; now aread thy name.
C A S. Recitall serues to tortuose, yet know

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

I am the ghost of slaughterd *Cassio*,
Slaine for the zeale I nourish'd to a friend;
Vnfaithfull vsage wrought my timelesse end.

M A L. My true borne *Cassius*? well incountred; see
The soule and image of thy zealous friend.

C A S. What echo bred of impudence, what aire,
Eiaculates the name without a blush?

Avaunt, ô vanish (thou vild caitife) run,
Least with a repetition of old tort,
I make thee vanish by the full report.

Stay thou abortiue image, who assum'st
The title of a traytor, whom I lou'd,
Stay thou ignoble wretch, I will informe
How falsehood hath deluded innocence.

Tremble, ô tremble (earth) when I repeate
The blacke disaster of my fatall end.

Tremble; for know, this ignominious man,
Whose wicked mischiefe did enthrall my dayes,
Hee was produc'd from out the loynes of earth;
Yes (damned polititian) thy proud aime
Thought by inuasion to surprise thy prince,
Vnder pretext of high abuses done,
Of wrongfull censure, of imprisonment.

Thus did your oyled speech insinuate,
Thus moue a simple meaning friend, my selfe
To traine forth Souldiers; ô impiety!
Pretending rescue still to vndertake
Rescue of thee, whose finger did not ache.

Seated in triumph, sole competitor,
With Princes of high courage, thou didst rule:
Enzy, the common traytor to estate

Stood farre inough from thee: imprisonment,
No way impeach'd thy lustre: yet as windes
Crouded within the re-cluse cauernes, swell,
That dreadfull earth-quake is ingendred thence,
So did thy turbulent faction ouer-boyle
The brim of due obedience: poore I

(Incited

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

(Incited to rebellion by faire glosse,
Which colourable smoothnesse had put on)
Perish'd in battell, through thy peevish traine,
Imprisolement prou'd false, and rescue vaine.
M A L. I vanish where thy Ghost shall neuer see
My shadowed substance of impiety.
C A S. Runne thou remorslesse Image to the wombe
Of hell, thy heauy mansion : let all sexe
Beleeue that man to lethargy condemn'd,
Who takes a polititian for his friend.

Act. 2. Scœn. 5.

GRACC HVS EVNVCHVS.

Gape greedy *Lerna*, thou most impious gulfe,
Stretch thy vnhallowed gums, belch poysone forth ;
Send some infectious plague into my blood,
Into my blood and bosome, send a curse
More biting then the breath of Scorpions :
Be boundlesse my swolne outrage; ô blasphemē
That irreligious deity of chance ;
My good estate's consum'd with idle game :
What-euer this inconstant age tearmes *Wealth*,
What-euer I did call *Peculiar*,
My owne poore substance, stil'd with proper name :
What with much trauaile, and extorting meanes,
I scrap'd (laborious to enrich my 'state)
All, in fiuе houres, hath foolish game destroy'd :
Large expectation doth impoverish
The wileſt polititian : wee are couſen'd
With our opinionate lucke ; delusiuſe hope :
Amongſt all creatures (vpon æquall tearmes)
Man is most foolish, most improvident ;
Confirm'd in a beliefe, that happiness
Will make an euerlasting harmony
When mischiefe lurkes within our elbow-roome,
I feele the sharpe disease of beggery

Begin

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

Beginne eeu'n with a thred-bare impudence,
To seize vpon our nothing-valued life.
All that is *Courtier* in me, who contemn'd
To acknowledge one aboue me (but my maker)
To sue for friendship, cogge for patronage,
Who was enfranchis'd by the Kings decree,
Had no reuenues but a morning bribe,
(Which now of late are pretious things, all men
Haue so inclin'd themselues to subtilty,
As they conceiue a *Courtiers* gallery)
But I was well prouided for, before
A fowle disaster of such consequence,
As peevish gamesters lucke oppress'd my soule.
All that is *Courtier* in me, now compeld
Must vanish into smooth-tongu'd flattery.
With oyled gums, and with a supple arme,
I must salute my patron (though a foole)
Insinuate how many blessed yeares
Hee will enjoy, to bleffe my indigence:
Tell him how plump, how lusty, latter time
And my yong mistresse make him, though his face
More full of wrinkles then a practis'd witch
With pittifull hoofe-shoulders do consort:
So, like a fawning Spaniell must I wagge
At every costiue wind-fall of a crumine;
Bid fare-well to my *Courtiership*, and liue,
Like an arch-foole, a Sycophant: flye hence
These childish terrors to my pained soule,
The chiefeſt Courtiers will my kinsmen bee,
My fellowes in profession, my colleagues,
Nay emulat my worth, if I excell,
In the moſt ample trade of gloſing well.
O *Gracchus*! *Gracchus*! but a free-borne-life
Rather alludes vnto felicity,
If our estate hath no dependant cause,
If wee posſeſſe without another's claime,
Reuenues (cleere from tenancy at will)

Regardleſſe

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

Regardlesse of obseruance; doe despise
Payment of homage to a foot-cloth-sir,
And may reuile the best of Tradesmans coate,
If he insult (sans præjudicall feare
Of a compulsive debt, or Officers,
Who follow satisfaction:) for indeed
Revenues I account, although possess'd,
Yet if infected with a name of *Debt*,
Nothing as mine which answeres to the name;
Possessions be what others cannot claime.
If without scruple therefore we can boast,
In so compleat a fashion as before
I did inculcate; then *Rusticity*,
To Gods and Monarchs may well answere *free*.
'Thus doth imprudence of hare-braine mates,
Buy little wisedome at excessiue rates:
'Tis indeed better to bee wise at last,
Then gallop head-long till our hopes bee past.
Though latter wisedome doe import withall
An insufficiency in points naturall.

Act. 2. Scœn. 6.

AMILCAR, MANTESIO, GRACCHVS.

What melancholique caitife yonder walkes?
MAN. *Gracchus* (my Lord) the gallant *Eunuch*. AMI. So,
What malecontented humor doth oppresse
The image of vnspotted honesty,
With him so frequenr? I adore and loue
The ciuill carriage that I do obserue
In his Imployment: if a Courtier hath
(Courtiers of common out-side-silkes) if they
Haue deere acquaintance with dame *Honesty*
(Famish'd in exile to the frozen pole)
Gracchus I dare avow may paralell
The best of their acquaintance: (*Gracchus*)hoe?

G

GRA.

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

GR A. My gracious Lord? AM I. What perill imminent,
Doth so oppose thy noble splendor? which
(without meere base descention to collogue)
I must informe thee i reflgent. GR A. O,
My good and gracious Lord; but pouerty,
Is able to oppresse maturity
Of diligence, of iudgement, of designes.
Each liberall Art and Science doth submit
Their ends and occupations to obtaine
The true terrestriall Saint, the sacred glosse,
Of all-efftecting riches; every man
Will hazard his damnation to adore
A thing so blessed, so licentious:
The weake-brain'd gallant in extremity,
Will change Religion, will æquivocate
With mentall reseruation, racke the ioynts
Of his benummed conscience, will provoke
A lethargy of sharpe distinction: will out-puffe
The Cardinall foure winds, when they oppose
Each other all at once (and procreate
A whirle-winde) these will hee out-puffe alone,
With some insuffe'able oath, which farre exceeds
The three dimensions, dares ploclaime himselfe
A perjur'd villaine, to appropriate
Six-pence, vpon triuall mistake.
Arts-maisters will transgresse the rule of Art;
Nay our precipit Schoole-men will forsake
The principles whicht they haue authoris'd,
In cases that concerne selfe-avarice,
And greedy lucre: knowledge is inforc'd
To follow by constraint, abuse of time,
Wit mis-employ'd gapes at improper ends:
Strong men are impotent without rich friends.
AM I. What cloudy passion, wrapt in ample phrase
May such a railing vehemence portend?
What meanes thy sharpe invectiue? what's involu'd?
MAN. Hee doth (my Lord) inveigh at poverty,

And

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

And shewes how force-able a Saint *Wealth* is,
How potent the command of money is,
The dreadfull awe of dame *Pecunia*.

G R A. And whilst I do re-volute the misery
Which happens by constraint of beggary,
Then I remember what my plague must bee.

A M I L. Vn-shell thy riddle: most miraculous!

G R A. Your gaming foole is most ridiculous:
O Fortune, Fortune hath infring'd the web
Which I with painfull diligence did weaue,
Whereto the pillar of my state was pinn'd:
Some little store I had (not looking higher)

A household smoake out-warmes my neighbours fire.

A M I L. Haue you lost all? G R. Some fifty hundred crownes.

A M I L. O the vncertaine lot of idle game!
I long haue knowne thee. G R. And haue known me honest.

A M I L. *Honest* is now a metamorphis'd name:
He that can sweare, blasphemē, be riotous,
Roare till the mid-night echo, or beginne
Some vn-appeased fray, who dares commence
A drunken skirmish in a bawdy-house,
Fight for his hackney whore, and hazard all,
In honour of his damn'd associates:
Dares combate with a publicke officer,
Be (out of gun-shot) most irregular,
Drunke in good earnest, beate fwe Constables,
Couzen a flocke of geese compendiously:
Yet after all put a smooth visage on,
Seeme sober, be indulgent of his fame,
Though a most practis'd knaue, rememb'reng still,
To make the mid-nights all participate
Of suchenorinous acts: ô hee the man
Reputed sociable in our age: ô hee
Is reckon'd for the honest gentleman:
Who playes the spend-thrift, the voluptuous foole,
Exceeds the *Turke* in sensuality,
Is a true mid-night Epicure, can hide

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

His leud impostures from discouery,
Hee shall be most vn-touch'd with obloquy ;
Hee (amongst youthful bloods) shall win the wreath
Purchase the name of *Loyall honest friend* ;
But (as our adage sayes) obserue his end.
But (*Gracchus*) I am rather confident
Then scrupulous of thy square honesty,
Gracchus, I loue thee, therefore will bestow
An annuall pension of sixe hundred pounds,
And must withall imploy thee. **G R A** In a taske
That may require my soule then I beseech thee ;
May stretch sincirity with tenters : ô
Impose an ample burthen : ô some taske
That will suruey the depth of loue indeed :
Favour beyond mans merit, doth exact
A most vn-quenched seruor ; not his vow,
But sinewes actiue, and a sweating brow.
My life lyes prostrate to prædominance,
Of your commanding voyce : I will bestow
My reeking blood in recompence of loue
Ready, without all first or second cause :
I wish some Doctor in extremity
Of vn-knowne sicknesse, which may seize vpon
Your most respectiue honour ; would prescribe
The marrow of a man, medicinall ;
You should not be indebted to the bones
Of a forsaken caitife, new condemn'd,
Whose pocky pith might be infectiue : No,
My supple fingers should vnloose a ioynt
From off this flexile carkasse, I would bruise
A luculent and lushious mari-bone,
(The best I can stile *proper*) to appease
The sharpe divulsions of such new disease.
A M I. *Gracchus*, who giues not credence to a zeale
Of thy profession, wee account him base :
Be chiefe among my chiefeſt followers,
They shall receiue directions from thy ſelue.

With-

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

Withdraw, and punish those enormities
Which my famelickē roofe is tainted with;
And which abusive ages do afford:
A zeale sincere the Gods cannot reprove
And we ere-long will manifest our loue:
Let vs inculcate now my fathers charge,
Remember what with vehemence was vrgd,
Nay was enioyned you *Mantefio*,
By our most watchfull father. M A N. I exspect
Vpon deliuery of his closet keyes.

A M I L. Take them, and prosper; pray be vigilant;
Reuolve I pray on how large consequence,
The bare euent and sequell of our hopes
Ioyntly consist; who iointly haue embark'd
The doubtfull hazard of our dearest liues
Vpon a small miscarriage: onely fwe
Participate of our designes; my selfe,
But first my father, then my step-dame next
You (Steward) and the Captaine of the Guard
Whose happy full consent is scarce obtain'd:
Wee seuerally haue instructions learn't
Of each particular function; haue agreed
How each conspirator shall be employed.
Time calls for speedy action; the square plot
Doth now transcend a shapelesse *Embro*
And will expect vpon deliuery:
You haue engag'd a wise dexterity,
And trauaile; to procure the famishment,
To purvey, to collect astiuall corne
Which Haruest will enrich the Rusticks with:
My taske intends surprisall of the Queene:
Be carefull, take the keyes, expend the wealth
Which long hath bene vp-hoarded: traitors all
Like cunning Statuaries, must auoide
Blemish and eye-sores; you conceiue me sir:
Successiue businesse needs no roweld spur:
Treason like some insculpture spacious

CINTHIA'S REVENGE

On a smooth touch-stone will demand men wise
A diligent perusal, most precise;
With an elaborate artificer
Who may direct; for 'tis infallible
That errors in a beauteous frame (though small
And at another time though veniall)
Yet if committed in a curious peece
Where blenish might (by sufferance) ensue
The totall is condemn'd and caru'd a new:
Be white, or blacke; not (party-coulour'd) gray;
So follow your commission, poast away.
Now my contentious braine re-uolve the taxe
Impol'd (vpon thy blessing) to surprise,
And spoyle the ruddy blossome of our age;
Faire *Fauourina* that Angel-like dame
A Equall for beauty, for vnmatched fame;
With Saint-like *Venus* (by *Appelles* drawne)
This Queenes espousals haue I vndertooke
To dis-vniite, by a most impious act
Of murther; but alas I am enthral'd
With true libidinous feruor; am enforc'd
By lustfull hot inuasions to decline;
Which punctually tempt me to a-uoide
The colourable death of whom I loue,
Our sweete *Cynean* Goddesse; the faire *Queene*;
Whose body I'le enioy with priuiledge,
(I will enioy with hazard of my death)
Whilst euery man imagine shée is dead.
Gracchus the Eunuch did I entertaine
Commodiously fore-casting an exploit —
Where-with to muffle vp the serpent-eyes
Of probable suspicion: Like the *Fuller*
Who cannot liue by cloth must liue by colour.
But see, obserue the beautifull approach
Of my commanding obiect: bleſſe mee fate.

ACT.

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

ACT. 2. SCEN. 7.

AMICAR, FAVOINA, ANCILLAE.

F A V. What makes *Amilcar* so obsequious?

Damsels depart. A M I L. Yes, rather, so, then maids.

F A V. *Amilcar*. A M I. Madam. F A. Thy graue countenance

Trust'd vp in such a formall cognisance,

With front compos'd; so perpendicular

Directing steady aime at open gaze,

Your longing silence doth detect; as if

The businesse should concerne my audience:

In-faith, in-faith, you are dis-consolate.

A M I. Yes, but my meaning is emaculate

Like the forgotten primitiue attempts,

When all things were accounted innocence.

O might the wrath-full arrogance of some

(Who by a pecuiful-tutor'd vehemence,

Conspire in habite of corruallship

Against one pious beauty) be so farre

From preiudicall meaning as my selfe

The age and Kingdome both might liue secure:

Madam, I can discose a prodigee

That appertaines to you. F v. Deliuer it.

A M I. Haue you then female fortitude enough,

A most resolued courage, to conceiue,

To apprehend a passion that will wound

Nay penetrate, the fabricke of the *soule*?

Shoote through the center of thy trembling bloud?

Infuse sive shaking palsies mutuall

Before I finish the first perio.?

F A. Giue then a quicke release; I am resolu'd:

Torment mee not with idle circumstance,

Begin this tale of prodigy. A M I. Hark hea'un;

How carelessle shee accounts of accident,

Griefe, and this woman be familiar.

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

I thinke, and well acquainted. F A V. VWhen begins
The prodigie you speake of? A M I L. 'Twill amaze
The organs of attention Madam: yet
Seeing you enforce and couet misery,
You shall no longer be with-held: then thus:
But I beseech thee Queene remember well
These admonitions that exemplify
The horror of my following discourse.
Imagine whilst you doe ingurgitate
My poysen'd soppes the beauty of your sence
Of your ingenious parts (all donatiues
Of *Natnres* bounty, and the Gods aboue)
Imagine they'le be chang'd with violence
VVith vntrefisht lunacy; so long,
Vntill each spirit leaue her function:
Till with a surset you sur-sease to liue
Neglecting mundane solace; be trans-form'd
Into a liuelesse image, all thy veines
And vitall arteries being stop'd with feare:
Thus much remember Queene I do præ-mise.
F A. Amplifications yet? begin, begin:
A M I. VVith all remember, you (right noble Queene)
VVho may attend my tale, are but a woman.
F A. And whether will your prolixē Lord-ship amble?
To the worlds end I thinke in preamble:
That (after all) you may anew begin.
A M I. No (my compendious Lady) heere's an end:
Obstinate silence is the safest whip
To punish a peruerse disciple with.
F A. Are you enraged iolly sir i'faith?
Ob appeasd, leaue ambiguities;
Finish thy tale (man.) A M I. VVorthy Madam no,
Your supple phrase shall not againe recouer
One vowel of narration. F A V. O abrupt!
Yes (my blunt youth) if torment may vnbind
Your costine silence, know, I will recouer
The whole narration; if deuulfisue racking

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

Hau'e not forsooke the Kingdome; if the King
Will hearken to my spatiouse complaint;
Or yeeld with exoration of his Queene.

A M I L. Your spatiouse? ô then Arithmeticke
Hath taught you to augment and multiply:

(Deere Madam) speake within the bounds of truth.
F A. (Cheape Lord) thy impudence shall smart for this.

A M I L. O bitter! F A. Thy dumbe silence be inforc'd
To witnisse, nay reiterate the depth

Of your concealement. A M I L. O pernicious.

F A. You shall rehearse, nay shall expound, this tale
Of prodigies. A M I L. Without your wide complaint
Without all torment to enforce the same

I will expound them straight; and therefore thus:
Ladies by birth of late are satisfied

With natures gifts, nor leake they to resist
Impediments of age, or stinking breaths,
But well are guided by the heauens decree
Respecting beauty lesse then the command,
Of Gods aboue; be not these prodigies?

They honour husbands, hallow chastity
Reiect all midnight offers, liue within:

Abhorre the name of lustfull visitants,
Take little relish in a home-bred foole;
And lesse delight in Physicke, or the knaues
Who practise that purloyning office well.
Be not these prodigies deere Madame? speake;

When Ladies do bestow their idle time
In scrutination of deuinity

Not seeking to beguile the abused Art
Of painting; or to wish fwe *subiles*

Might be allotted to their tumbling tricks
And coltish vntam'd pleasure; which they vse
To practise without intermission: speake:

Be not these prodigies deere Madame? speake
When Ladies, and light-women be estrang'd
From Para-kitos, Munkies, island-curses

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

Coaches, and Coach-mates, masking nouelties;
From waspish emulation, to exceed
Some eleuated Madame in her gowne;
Some Iuy-bush attire; to engrosse
The knowledge of a faous, dentifrice,
Vnguentum, plaister (for in-faith sometimes
Diuers scab'd sheepe do perish for defect
Of these restoratiues) ô then resolute
When Madames do estrange their facultie
From inquisition, from delight in these;
Will not the mouldred ashes that haue slept
So many thousand yeares, againe revive?
Will not the crazy ioints of earth dissolute?
And rotten fathers be resuscitate?
The finall extirpation of each dame
Both light and sober may this tale portend
Be not these prodigies deere Madame? speake.

F. A. Wisedome doth vrge me to entreat him faire
Leaſt hee indeed diſſemble, or conceale
Busynesse of high importance, that may touch
My moſt perticular aduantage: (ſir
So-well-accompliſh'd, meritorious *Count*)
I muſt importune your dexterity,
To re-collect the now-forgottentale
Of prodigies indeed; withall confesse
My pecuiful error. A M. I. This doth mollify,
Nor may redēption of abuse, though late;
Although abruptly offer'd, derogate
From the large ſequel; either thy beleefe
Or my vnfigned meaning (noble *Queene*)
But Madam you ſhall ſeriously admit
A moſt impugned caution, ere I ſpeake;
And muſt obſerue the ſame inuiolate,
Without base mentall reſeruation.
F. A. Wee will engage our female Maieſty
Thy ſtricteſt of iuincions to prefer
Aboue all temporary baits, which may

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

Allure smooth falsehood to infringe the same:

Sweare by this image of *Paladium*,

(Reckon'd amongst our Sacramentall oathes)

Neither by subtle tokens nor by voyce

By second causes, by secure complaint,

Vpon malitious, or well meaning termes,

To manifest, diuulge, communicate,

Nor any way disclose the future plot

Whereof you shall anon participate

By proesse of relation. F.A. I do sweare

And will submit my life to thy aduise.

A M I L. With priuiledge, then Madam, Ile expresse

The wicked meaning of your enemies:

Lucilla my proud step-dame, doth abhorre,

Sole repetition of thy harmlesse name:

Shee doth repose her chiefest confidence

In my audacious act, who am oblig'd

Vpon surprise to kill thee. F.A. Subtile whore!

So yong, and yet so full of impudence?

So full of indignation, causelesse wrath?

Envy how feeble are thy foming iawes?

With vndefined rancor they attempt,

But seldom are obnoxious to any,

Who haue acquaintance with integrity;

For *envy* (vpon spight) assailes the henge

Of our successe: but *wrong* enflames reuenge:

And therefore did high *Ioues* omnipotence,

Envy; vnto the female sex impart:

Woman's a witch by Malice, man by Art.

How, how (*Amilcar*) may wee recompence

The new disease of her indignity

Which woulde entice, and so corrupt thy youth

By fraudulent commotions. A M I. Ile instruct

How opportunely, Madam, you may meeke

With her abusive malice; and exempt

Your selfe from the suspicion of reuenge.

And yet reuenge will be conspicuous:

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

For all complaints and publicke remedy
The primitiue iunction doth deny;
You therefore shall admit my new devise,
When Summer makes each field, each meadow faire;
When pleasant spring-tide musicke is in tune,
You may retire into this thicker-groue
Loosely attended, with one maid, no more:
VVhilst, like a common souldier in disguise
I suddenly rush forth, and do surprise
You not misdoubting, whom I will conuey
Into my lodging neere the City wals
After all inquisition cease: till then,
Wee may re-past in some poore Country Towne.

F.A. The manner I allow; speake for euent.

A M I. (Allmen amaz'd with such a sudden chance)

I will subborne a simple ideot
(Being first oblig'd by bounty) to confesse
That hee through wicked instigation
Of my most infamous step-dame, did attempt,
Nay finish the supposed murther; then
That mere compunction did enforce the tale;
To mittigate, his wound of conscience.

F.A. So hee may hazard life being innocent.

A M I. No, hee may craftily insert a boone

VVhich will auoide the danger of his life.

Hee shall beseech his death may be deser'd

Till my vnlawfull mother by the Law

Tast execution, or hee will professse

Obstinate silence; so conceale the place

Of your pretended buriall; the King

Nor any man aliue may this deny;

But I'le instruct him when hee doth espy

Occasion; this to manifest aloud.

The Queene doth live, though I were tempted oft

By that malitious woman, now deprynd

Of naturall bad parts, by righteous death,

(Meaning my mother who shall then be dead)

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

To slay whom I preserv'd, this hopefull Queene.

F A. The plot prouokes me to esteeme reuenge
Aboue all earthly blessing; and embrase
The subtle vertue of a painted face.

A M I. Subtle indeed, for my pretence implices
Nothing but foggy mist to blind her eyes;
VVhen faire temptaion's weake; surprisall must
Giue satisfaction to my flaming lust.

Finis Actus secundi.

Act. 3. Scæn. I.

PHEVDIPPE, LAELIO DVX MILITVM,
MILITES.

L AE. Most opportunely did you præ-acquaint
My place with a designe so requisite.

P H E. Captaine, you haue well eas'd my anxious feare
But bountys shall remunerate thy care:
The title *Vize-roy* (Captaine) doth attend
To counteruail thy meritorious act:
The famine doth already tyranize.

L AE. VVhat policy procures the famishment?

P H E. All insurrection do I disappoint,
Subdue resistance, mollify the fierce
And pecuiful ouer-looking multitude
By a substraction of their vsuall foode
VVwhich will discourage appetite to warre:

But vnxpected liberality,
And satis-faction of their empty mawes
VVith rich abundance after penury,
It will enchaine the base to loyalty.

L AE. A project most ir-reprehensible.

P H E. The chiefeſt on-set doth belong to you:
Doe you conceiue a full aduertisement

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

For each proceeding? punctually relate

How your conceite doth apprehend mee sir.

LAE. To supper you'lle inuite the honest King ---

PHE. Honest? LAE. I; simple, indiscreet, bloud-raw,

Of small experiance to beguile, suspect,

Frown, laugh, kill, flatter with a tyrant's face;

A King too-open-breasted for this age;

And so the world doth honest men accouut

By way of high reproach. PHE. Smooth Orator,

Ingeniously well worded is thy speech:

May not the sequelle perish, now proceed.

LAE. To supper you'lle inuite this honest King;

Hee (not mis-doubting home-bred violence)

With a sele& strong millitary troupe

I, and the Guard together, will inuade

Murther (a-midst the cups and Magistrates)

Him; who shall surfe of each fatal wound;

Shall rather dye then see *Phedippe* crown'd.

PHE. Captaine, thy apprehension is acute

Thus bounty will oblige men resolute:

With-draw, your feuerrall reward is future;

A pregnant Pupill thriues without his Tutor.

Act. 3. Scen. 2.

MENANDER, PHEVDIPPE, HYARCHVS,

HIPPONAX, EVPHORBV.

Hy. The popular inuestiue doth exclaime

Vpon *Phedippe*; sweare with open voyce

Hee bred this famine. PHE. Am I then betraide?

Will my sage Steward turne delinquent? ha?

MEN. Can my *Phedippe* proue disloyall? no,

Doth hee intend subuersion of my state?

EV. Wee may consult of war-like discipline

Amidst our heighth of solace; (though secure)

Although at league with every Potentate

Who

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

Who sits enthron'd vpon the spacious Orbe,
So may wee well aduise your Maiesty
To haue a watchfull ouer-looking spy
Vpon your haughty Duke; (though innocent;
Though in himfelfe obsequiously bent)
Learning aduanc'd may proue iudicious;
But (if mis-ledde) extremely vitious.

M.E. Tell mee my proper Genius may proue false,
My blood become a traitor to my life;
The iſſue of my loines degenerate;
Say; this right hand conspires against my head;
Tell mee; the Gods whom I adore, neglect
Religion, doe forbide all ſacrifice;
And I beleeue you: but the villaines lye,
Who dare imagine my *Phendippe* false.
In-faith I am affraid you do abuse
My honest friends integrity, too much;
Phendippe false? my bosome-counſellour?
The earth will ſhake at ſuch a prodigy:
Some *Phaeton* ſhall mount the Chariot
Of our vp-rifing *Phæbus*, and enflame
The world againe; each widow ſhall conceiue
Without mans aide fiue dragons at a birth,
All threatening this i[m]poſſible euent,
Ere I do entartaine a fillable
Of your ſug-geſtion: though the Gods descend
Though they admoniſh my credulity
(In ſpeciall) to beware of whom wee ſpeake
And call him traitor; ô I ſhould reply
Within the bounds (ſeare) of blaſphemey.
See how hee walks perplex'd with agony;
My anger ſhall im-proue his patiencē.

Phendippe. P.H.E. Doth my dread Soueraigne call?
M.E.N. What doth my demi-selfe *Phendippe* doe?
P.H.E. Befrew my melancholique dumps I doe;
Which preter-mit *Menanders* Maiesty
Without obeysance; whilſt I walke ſecure.

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

In a blind corner thus *extravagant*.

M E. His aro-natice breath perfumes the aire;

The spicy fields where gossa-moure doth grow

Haue not one vapour halfe so redolent:

I must for fashion chide him fatherly.

Friend, friend, you are ambitious of rule,

Report exclaims vpon your dignity;

All attribute the times calamity

Of dearth, to you the Authour; who ingrosse

Heapes of prouision without reall cause;

I must not winke at fraudulent abuse

Done to my Subiects; rather abuse mee:

Thou mightist enjoy full many blessed yeares,

Liue in an æqnall happinesse with mee,

Rather then thus neglect my sincere loue,

And loose the hope of our munificence:

Do not (I pray) deserue that infamy

VVith which our scandalizing age condemnes

Thy whole endeuours; ô redeeme the losse

Of *Loyalty*; a thing so pretious.

Reiect those machinations infinite

VVith which the people charge thee; I conceale

The horrour of a rage so violent

As some censorious Criticks haue adiug'd

To dwell within thy bosome: prethee thinke

Whether I do deserue thy impious hand

To thrust me from a lineall descent

Or (being downe) deserue thy helping hand,

To rescue and vphold my primacy.

P H E. Some better Angell be auspicious

Vnto my naked answere; (mighty King)

Your deepe discretion may with ease collect;

(Though I were dumb and did through silence purge

This weighty accusation) that per-force

To publicke censure all authority

Is often subiect: so ir-regular

Be sudden apprehensions; as vpright

And

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

And politicke proceedings are condemn'd;
The *Prudent* tam'd for ignominious
Mad Authors, of sick innovation;
(Though not resolued how this language meanes:)
I do in ample, and with open tearmes
Confesse the crime suppos'd, not culpable,
Though burthen'd with ambition) I confess
A dutious loue vnto the Common-weale,
Hath bred my damage; *Ouer-diligence*
May summon actiue zeale to a defence,
Which doth appeare in my ill-tun'd event,
As you perceiue, or call me insolent.
The famous Art of Mathe-maticke Rules,
(Wherein my ignorance will never boast
A singularity of knowledge, or conceit)
Did by infallible demonstrations
Fore-signifie this famine: ô resolute
Whether then by the law of Nations
I be accomptable vnto the Gods
For this pretended accusation;
Seeing to the safety of our Common-weale,
A prouidence coniecturall hath vrg'd,
My whole indeavour? If vnto the Gods
I am excus'd; what impudence will dare
With false-hood to accuse my innocence?
For those designes which Gods allow, ne're can
Be in themselues offensiuе vnto man.
Know therefore (vpon hopefulli præ-science)
I did ingage a new dexterity,
To counteraile the famishtment fore-knownne,
I did ingresse provision, did expend
Twelue-months revenew to accomplish corne:
I'll be my paines acquitted, worle my loue;
Which, labours in the common cause may proue.
Thus imputations are too vnuall,
And bad constructions are authenticall.
Some Kings, (to manifest prædominance)

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

Accumulate on subiects, heavy wealth,
Honour aboue de-merit, offices,
Popular Cities, and in-franchis'd Townes ;
Nay whole dominions, Dukedomes they'le bestow,
And raise a simple Muschroom to the height
Of any monarch's due magnificence ;
Till by excessse of labour, sweate of braines,
Hee hath enrich'd his beggerly estate ;
Then (like a full-ripe Orenge; or indeed,
Like a deceitfull spunge, whose empty pores
The owner doth replenish) hee must looke
To feele a sudden crush, a nip will squeeze
Him; who pretends hee may be rich and please :
If then my Title (ô iudicious King)
My now desertlesse wealth, or eminence,
Which (by especiall fauour I enioy,
Which freely were beslow'd long since), if these
Shall be accounted error and offence,
Or be imputed to my sawcinessse,
I doe submit, and will my crime confessse ;
If your vn-reprehended sapience
Thinke it a policy expedient,
Il'e runne to exile, dye in banishment,
Liue like a scritch-owle in some secret caue,
Turne errant caitife, and so dye a flauue :
If you suppose it bee availe-able
Or to diminish, or annihilate
To dis-anull, or to abbreviate
My large allowance; if you doe account
The base degrading of a loyall peere
Will give aduantage and security
To your successsive regiment; (may which
Continue to the worlds æternity:)
If thus you doe imagine (dreaded Liege)
Loe, I will prostrate fall, and aske a boone,
Begge that the heads-mans Axe may ouer-take,
May with a bloody sentence, mee salute,

With

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

With willing voyce, and a more willing arme,
Would I the messenger of death re-greet;
Till then, most lowly kisse your graces feet:
M E. Arise my faithfull honourer, arise:
Good honest soule, thy language would enforce
The Cannibals to turne compassionate:
I will trans-mit thee into *Scythia*,
To *Pontus*, to the fierce vn-tamed *Getes*,
Till with a fluent phrase, thou doe compell
Their savage superstition to submit,
And mee acknowledge, as their lawfull King:
Thus thou like *Orpheus* couldst (I me sure) enthrall
The rude *Arabian*, or the rugged *Gaule*,
And captivate their longing audience
With an æternity of eloquence.

Thus couldst thou re-inlarge my soueraigne awe,
Thus multiply each prouince, thus augment
The bounds of our dominion, or de-duce
Appointed troopes of *Colony*; with voyce:
But (my alone beloued) never thinke
I will exchange thy noble company
For temporall possession: though the Gods
Would all resigne *Olympus*, and elect
Mee as co-heire in-dubitately to *Ioue*,
Upon *Provi/o* to forsake this friend,
I rather would refuse deuinity,
Liue like a drudge in darke obscurity,
Then leaue so loyall, so compleat a friend:
And yet this man deserues a watchfull eye;
Speake you censorious ranke of Magistrates,
Doth hee deserue suspition? who replyes?

E V P H. Reports and rumour did deserue aduise.

M E. Who guided by report so farre doth blame
Another, as to argue his ill-name,
Insisting much on some particular,
Detects himselfe, an Asse auricular.

P H E V. This vn-expected sume to pacifie

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

Let your good grace vouchsafe to dignifie
A Summer banquet, and I shall intreat
You the Putricians to accept my loue,
Rather then bounty; whom I will invite
And feast with my beloued Liege to night.
Me With temptiue cups wee'l wash away conceit,
And so renew each health in sober height.

Act. 3. Scen. 3.

PHEVDIPPE.

May then my cauterised soule forsake
The rules of nature? sanctimonious law?
Religion? or distinct humanity?
The common sparke of times morality?
Must lethargy now seize vpon my soule?
Shall my infectious humor so controule
Iudgement? so much preferre tantastickie ioy?
Gue licence to dis-loyall trechery?
Atheisme? Rebellion? blacke deformity?
O most vn-gouern'd appetite of man!
Wee may fore-see what few escape, e're can.
Resolute me, Sophist, or Philosopher,
Some cunning morall disputant resolute,
If (as the people do maintaine) Gods live,
Gods, who reuenge our close iniquity,
And search the re-cluse corners of each soule;
Why doe the Gods forbeate to punish me?
Who am as wicked as a man may be:
Why doth *Olympus*, or the Gods wno dwell
Within that fabricke, suffer smoaky hell,
Horror, impostume prodigies, and death,
Vengeance, delay; to stop a villaines breath?
Can such a sublunary shue as I
Out-live two minutes longer? Thus protract
A peace-able successe, without heauens cracke?

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

Can omenous portents be now asleepe,
Whilst I am waking? do the Angels keepe
No watch for Kings? then *Jupiter* awake,
And giue the world some notice that you take
Especiall care on Princes: ô mee thinkes
Alorpheus the God of sleepe, who daily winkes,
Should leaue his drunken catalogue of dreames,
And start with repetition of extremes,
Wherewith I am infected; seas should burne,
Beares, woolues, and Lyons peace-able should turne
Into their antique affability,
And argue men of much impiety.
Now shoule thy thunder (*Io*) affiile the the fort
Of my ambitious hope, by way of sport,
Blast me with lightning, brand me full of spots;
VVho haue intrench'd a garrison of plots
Aginst my second maker, 'gainst my King,
So credulous, so clement, so sincere,
So flexible, and gratioues to me,
As I without him neuer had my name;
Hee hath endee'd my dangerous attempt,
Is both indulgent of each true surmisse,
And zealous of each tale that may arise,
Or to detect, or to oppugne my pr de,
My most perfidious dealing; doth deride
All true suggestion of his Councillors,
VVho would exasperate his amity,
VVhilst I enchant his eares with flattery,
VVith meere dissimulation (*Physicke Art*)
My gilded dagger stabs him to the heart.
Can my obstreperous passion echo forth
A sound so dismall ir-religious,
VVithout some sudden earth-quake omenous?
VVithout a clap of thunder to be-numme
My trembling boyns, and make my language dumb?
Then I'le inferre the masty frame of earth,
Man vniversall, peasant, patriarch,

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

Grocers and great men, Kings and Copper-smiths,
Be gouern'd by the Gods, no more then sheepe,
Or Il'e depose, the Gods be all a-sleepe :
Scruple in actions doth augment the vice,
Which courage hath surnamed *Cowardice*.
Soone may a states-man favour of the *Foole*,
Who leaues his torrent for a standing-poole;
Who doth neglect his high præ-eminence
For safety of a quiet *conscience*.
All senior Sophists, and each pusing else
Account him wise, who's wisest for himselfe.
Yet for conceited disputation sake,
A long discourse of *Honesty* Il'e make,
Of times corruption will I saterize,
And with each cunning nature temporize.
Thus doth a serpent, which will satisfie
His common thirst, and Summer heat allay,
After hee is approach'd vnto the banke
Of pleasant *Nilus*, without much delay,
Instinct doth teach him to dis-gorge the bagge
Of poysone, kept in his pernicious iaw,
Till hee hath tasted the resulting waue ;
Then readily licks vp the viscous gall
Which hee by nature did e-vacuate,
And so remaines his body temperate,
His poysone (though suspended) virulent.
So when wee craftie fellowes (tor attempt)
By sudden motiues do remember wayes
Which men more honest, name *Legitimate*, —
Or by conuerse, if wee shall tempted be,
To shew the bent of our affections, wee
Doe like the thirsty snake, renounce our Saint,
(Accounted sinne) which re-assume wee will;
So re-assumption makes the Serpent still :
If my designes incurre discouery,
I then admit, the King is mercifull,
And hee a milke-sop is, (wee may resolute)

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

Can feare, if Kings bee ready to absolue:
Noble attempts beget experience,
Re-publiques purchase mundane pollicy
Through obseruation; my successe will bring
Plenty of knowledge: errors difficult
Daily in-gend^{re} rationall discusse,
Which by events doe sweepe away the sinke
Or muddy oppilation of our fense,
Originall of knowledge is offence:
I therefore thus imbarqu'd for enterprise,
May win a double stake, learne wit, and rise.

Act. 3. Scœn. 4.

LVCILLA, PHEVDIPPE, MANTESIO.

This frolick euening, full of silent aire,
Speakes a successe to thy atchieuements, faire:
Bothtime an opportunity's, benigne;
The Sunne at his departure, seemes to smile,
My banquet is prepar'd, which must beguile:
No apparitions, no refulgent starre,
No threatening Comet can our aet oppose,
No new transfigur'd meteor disclose
Our most herôicke humor, and annoy
The glad conception of all future ioy.

PHEV. Nay, if a plot so well-contriu'd, so square,
So formall, so iudicious, should proue
Ill-featur'd, and abortive, I'de forsware
All crafty dealing; never would I moue,
Compassion with repentance; to obtaine
Most absolute forgiuenesse, though the King
Do then release my criminall attempt,
I'de not en-deere his donatiue, except
With resolution to escape the law,
And wreake more ample vengeance on my selfe,
With my owne proper hands, through violence.

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

If a designe so mature, so conceald,
So rich in expectation, so oblig'd,
May now mis-carry, and repugnant proue;
It's sure prevent the heads-man, hang my selfe
VVith expedition, hire a mounte-banke,
Some noted emprise, to anathomize
My polititian corpes, dissect my scull,
Boyle tongue and heart together in my blood,
Effuse them into broth made of my braines,
In which, my vnciuous kidney-lease dissolu'd
VVith my more lushtious marrow, may compose
A poultice, which will speedily contrive
The downe-fall of erected favorites,
Enflame desire-then disanull the ends
VVhich that affection gapes for: I resolute
Thus to bequeath my members, to the seat
Of those, who narrow inquisition make
After each mysticke vertue, physicall;
If our attempts proue uot effectuall.

L v. Then pra-^e-suppose your project well do thriue,
VVhat recompence may *Lelio* expect,
Chiese capaine of the guard; whose instant blow
Gives an advantage so peculiar?

P H E. That my officious Captaine of his guard
The cunning woolfe hath taught me to reward.

L v. Resolute the manner, be emphaticall.

P H. The famish'd woolfe (whom hunger oft endues
VVith belly courage to be valiant)

If by aduenture his extremity
Meets with a beast of more validity,
Though lesse tyrannicke rapine then himselfe,
Hee (practis'd in such skill pernicious)
Eates clay, to make his body ponderous;
Striuing by art to aequall natures strength,
Till hee depresse, and over-come at length.
By which instinct, his booy once obtain'd,
An easie vomit naturall doth purge

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

His lumpish maw of that despised earth ;
Which (after conquest) hee thinkes little worth :
Eeu'n thus the Captaine Il'e re-munerate,
And with contempt, Il'e re-capitulate
His humble seruice ; so casheere the hope
Of due re-quitall, with a good excuse,
We entertaine those agents but for vse.

Heere comes my faithfull steward; speake what newes ?

M A N. The Captaine with his military troope,
I haue appoynted to their ambush ; they
Expect vpon my signall (gratiouse Duke)
The Kings vaunt-curriers doe each testifie
His glad approach ; giue eare to Maistry.

Act. 3. Scen. 5.

PHEVDIPPE, MENANDER, LVCILLA, HIP-
PONAX, EVPHORBVS, HYARCHVS, LE-
LIO, MILITES, LESBIA.

The most of subiects welcome, to my Liege,
Accept our weake indeavour, I beseech ;
Sit (gratiouse King) the Cates containe our loue.
M E. Wee doe accept, and will deserue (my deere)
This thy extended free munificence :

This plentifull provision I may call,
(With licence of our Ethicker) Liberall.

P H E. No (my most mindfull, & more sapient Prince)
I am your vassaille, drudge, obsequious,
Not bountifull; for 'tis impossible
That a dependant caitife, who doth owe
His whole indeavour, and essentiall part,
His poore existence, spirits animall,
His function, his each power vegetall,
To a supreame efficient, should obtaine
(After a free expence, to gratulate
His all-respectiue patron, God, or Saint)

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

One shred or title of *Munificent*,
Of *Bountifull*, or *Liberal*, because
Duty and loue exact such obsequies
For lawfull Kings, in stead of sacrifice.

M E. What meanes thy mad irruption *Lelio*?

P H. The ambush, the ambush; strike fellow, strike.

L AE. Strike this ignoble traytor, Cockatrice,
The subtil vermin base *Phendippe*, strike,
Strike fellowes, strike, as doth your Generall,
Who hath withstood temptation actuall.

H I P. If deere temptation, if inticement smile,
Happy is hee who can himselfe beguile.

M E. Amazement be my death; deere captaine hold:

L AE. Hold from the rescue of my royll King?

No: Wee were tempted to thy causelesse death.

M E. Permit the traytor to enjoy some breath.

P H. My wounds are many, I degenerate,
Liu'd villain-like, and dye a reprobate.

L V. My husband, my deere husband is betraide,
Anothers death makes guilty men afraid.

M E. Infamous change of dignity! deere friend,
Loyall repentance might againe restore,
(Couldst thou reviue) thy simple innocence.

Captaine, you haue abus'd our Maiesty,
And thy audacious act will wee revenge.

L AE. Revenge a traytors ignominious death?

M E. Traytor? thou lyest, admit his actiue bloud,
His nimble braine, acute sincerity,

Conceiu'd some sober meanes to ratifie,

Or to confirme opinionate belief,

With tryall of our vn-attempted loue;

May this deserue a stab? what insolence?

May tearme this loyall project an offence?

Il'e over-vexe with artificiall fire,

Thee (slau'e) who didst *Phendippe*'s death conspire.

L AE. May tretchery be then accounted zeale?

To his perswasiuue lines I do appeale.

Read

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

Read them, they doe containe Apostasie,
Fowle matter of sedition : I avouch
The guard to witnesse, I implore the Gods
In their omnipotence, to testifie
The zeale of my affection; to resolute
Whether this kingdome had not suffred woe,
Thy Maiesty beene trampled vnder foote,
Thy sinewes crack'd, thy bones vn-buried,
Sparta beene batter'd with intestine warre,
If through dis-loyall humor, through negle~~ct~~
Of homage, we had hearken'd to the false,
But honey-mouth of this rebellious man.

M E. Insolent sir, suppose my friend were false,
(Which I can scarce imagine) or suppose
Confident faith made him erronious :
Will you abridge the tryall of our law ?
Prevent my absolution ? I appeale
Vnto the blessed Theater of Saints,
Let holinesse, or let humanity,
Your zeale, how much defectiue, testifie :
For though the three dimensions did concurre
In his offence, yet I had mercy left.

Phendippe, simple man, thy false designes
Ne're knew a height in mischiefe so extreme,
A bredth, or depth in folly so profound,
So villanous, but our compassion knew
A meanes to mitigate thy error ; See
My Concubine comes fraught with sober newes ;
Beginne, resolute, and so ex-aggerate
Our heauy losse, wee will intoxicate
Our soule with im-bibition of more change :
Begin, depose an accident so strange,
As repetition of two syllables
May strike vs with a sudden lethargy,
And so conclude a Kings *Catastrophe*.

L E S. The queene- M E. There make thy period ; wee know
Mischiefe (like mighty waues) ne're comes alone.

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

The Queene's deliuered of a hideous sonne
Some winged Dragon ; is shee so? or dead?
L E S. Privately walking in the forrest-groue
A ruffaine seiz'd her, slue thy hopefull Queene,
Truss'd vp the carcasse on a speedy nagge,
Which by instruction (as my iudgement giues)
Flew fast away, like *Pegasus* : poore I
(Never-enough contented with a chance
Of so secure amazement) stupid wretch,
I looking stood immeue-able with feare,
Whilst hee vpon his palfrey cut the aire;
Whilst ev'ry mountaine eccho'd with laments,
The hollow rockes, and ev'ry bush repents
Their weake vn-able powers to resist
And stop the caitifes passage : ô desist
From a pursuit of such high consequence
Not a small minute longer ; captaine flye,
Abold careere may stop *Ioues* destiay.

L A E. Wee'le flye with expedition ; follow friends,
M E. Discharge a bullet in my naked breast ;
Be charitable some auspicious arme.

H Y A R. My daughter, ô my daughter, shee is dead.

M E. Faire *Favorina*'s dead, thy loue, my Queene,

My deere *Phendippe*'s dead, our ioyes bee gone

E V P. Mirror of change! the plagues of *Cinthia*

Are manifest, revenge is palpable,

O that assembly (sir) who by command

Of your in-iunction did restraine the vow

Which masculines a-like with females owe

To *Cinthia*, great Goddesse of the aire,

Was without question all-erronious.

H I P. Your edict which pronounc'd her deity,

Sole-potent ouer femeinine degrees,

Which did confine her awe cœlestiall :

To that vnable sexe, seemes triviall :

These accidents do cancell your designe,

They dis-allow your obstinate decree,

They

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

They doe advance forgotten Maiesty :

O new reforme delusion : terror speakes,
Cinthia is Goddesse over humane sexe.

M E. *Cinthia*'s a female wether-cocke, a whore,

Doth shee afflict our happinesse? resolute

Speake(friends)deliuer what you thinke. H I P. Abstaine
(Distressed King) from blasphemy; beware
Judgements more strict may follow; these but seare.

M E. O could I compasse with a sudden leap,

The verge of bigge *Olympus*, or assault

With Swallowes-wings, the orbe of *Cinthia*!

O my revenge, my sweet reuenge, more bold

Then bloody-iaw'd *Bucyris*, then the *Boare*

Which slue dame *Venus*. ioy, should wrathfull vexe

Her opposite excelse deuinity.

With rage would I blaspheame, though angry *Ione*

Makes ready thunder to præcipitate

My daring voyce : I will ingeminate

With deepe derision, her distastfull name,

Enforcing others to abuse the same.

Doost thou not heare mee *Cinthia*? dissolute

The melancholly clouds which mask thy brow,

And let compunction mollifie thee (witch)

Forth from thy cloudy pallace (*Luna*) peepe

And with incessant soft contrition, weepe :

Reduce the antique deluge with thy teares,

Turne thy reioycing into pale-fac'd feares.

Cinthia, remember my abuse, and blush,

Blush thou immodest harlot, be ashamed

To looke vpon the shadow'd vniverse.

Catch mee some whirle-wind with a sweeping blast,

And carry mee aloft, I'll vexe the Moone

For shee (vngratiouse Goddesse) doth afflict

Us, and our dignity : shee did suggest

Rebell-temptations to my beauteous friend,

Whose innocence I euer shall commend.

H I P. Manifest proofe (*Menander*) doth detect

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

His viperous-reproachfull perfidy,
Compos'd of pregnant infidelity:
To mischiefe his endeaour's daily bent,
I ever thought hee was malevolent :
Of crimes detected (blame vs if thou wilt)
Despairing apprehensions, argue guilt :
Hee did alike despaire : which proceeds
From the confusion of abortiue deeds :
I do enforce, that *Cinthia* hath done well,
Shee giues good warning to prevent a hell :
These weaker med'cines do but search the wound,
Least rotten members perish; to confound
An ulcerous limbe is worse then scarifie ;
But rather then loose all : what remedy ?
To *Cinthia's* revenge ô this apply :
M E. Touching her name Il'e proue a renegate,
My sudden scourge what soule can tollerate ?

Act. 3. Scœn. 6.

CINTHIA.

Error of man which over-tops the sky,
And with quicke waftage doth for vengeance fly ;
Cal's downe Gods iudgement (mischiefe to amend)
Nay, often doth enforce the Gods descend :
Horror, more vgly then the iawes of hell,
Horror, that apprehension doth excell,
Startles my God-head to imagine how
I further may avenge the *Spartans* vow :
Shall wee (great empresse of Imperious night,
Heavens wonder, and wide *Corinths* blessed Saint)
Thus be, ô thus compel'd, presumptuous King,
To spit our vn-appeal'd flames in thy face ?
O the sharpe edge of bitter blasphemy !
How deepe incision doth attend on it ?
Flesh cannot brooke one triviall abuse,

And

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

And shall the Gods (being iniured) take truce?
No; Il'e inflict a terror to offence,
And will (without compassion) scourge thy fense:
For like some snow-ball toss'd vpon hot coles,
Thy wit shall vanish, and thy fense consume:
A madnesse must ensue, but mad alike,
Neuer was any; those that see shall shake
And tremble at our vengeance; but because
Thy vn-advised rashnesse railes vpon
Our monthly change, vp-braiding holinesse,
With a false friends mis-carriage, Il'e impose
A change vn-parralel'd, which ner'e shall cease,
Till thy distracted body sleepe in peace:
The most magnificent may learne of thee,
Kings from a dreadfull vengeance are not free:
Kings may like petty-gods, insult below,
But of a deere-deepe reckoning they must know:
Fame, freedome, fates, and all that may conspire
To make man happy, shall not make thee man:
For Fates doe rescue neither life nor fame,
If Gods high iustice do inthrall the same:
Nor may the strict evasion of mis-hap,
Hurt who secured lye in *Vertues* lap.
But if destruction be aboue decreed,
Meanes stop in iustice, few by meanes are freed.
Fall then the horror of blaspheming feares,
Not wip'd away with poenitentiall teares;
Till by his death my vengeance be appeal'd,
And wrathfull famine absolutely pleas'd.

Act. 3. Scœn. 7.

AMILCAR, GRACCHVS.

What you already with good cause condemne,
I must (though need not) vrge thee to contemne
With all extremity of noble hate;

Vice

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

Vice which emboldens man to be ingrate.
To proue vnhankfull if occasion speakes,
The ioyfull head of free-borne bounty breakes :
G R. Do but employ your bond-slave(mighty Lord)
If Kings command not, how can slaves accord?
The blessings of my body, breath and soule,
Be so ingag'd, as their existence knowes
Not one redeemer amongst all the Gods,
(Fabulous things to mee) except your selfe :
You haue replenish'd my poore empty veines,
Haue lent new spirits to despairing hope
Nay haue bestow'd a whole creations worke
Vpon me offall-caitife, who adore
Impression of your foot-steps; that is all:
Expecting hourely on the happy time
When you shall dare command what I dare do :
When with advantage you will but pronounce
Q *Gracchus*, giue mee of thy bloud an ounce :
An ounce? take fifty pottles Id'e reply,
Open your selfe a passage to my soule,
To take a lawfull debt who dares controul?
Nor do impute this loue to lacke of wit,
Or some dis-joynted weakenesse of the braine,
For if I argue as the thing demands,
Vnlesse my life, what with your honour stands ?
Let mee professe, vnto the Saints and you
I do desire imployment, will bee proud
Of death or life, being by your selfe allow'd.
A M I. Life wee allow, but never wish thy death,
For wee expect vpon true diligence,
And must improue the nature of thy zeale ;
Eunuchs, forbidden actions do conceale ;
Thou art an *Eunuch*, listen to my shame,
Then giue advise, and secretie, though blame :
I loue ; no, rather lust and loue the Queene,
Whom (all-supposing dead) by stratagem
And strong delusion of her silly fense,

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

I did surprize, being blinded with pretence;
Nor did shee seeme repugnant to such ruth
My Rhetorickē was clad in robes of truth:
Affirming shee might thus reuenge the spleene,
Of proud *Lucilla* (who malign's her state)
Giuing no colour of reuengefull hate;
As to subborne a subtle wretch I vow'd
Who with abundant knowledge being endow'd
Most caitife-like should counterfeit, no lesse,
(For pænitent compunction) heauiness;
And so diuulge hee slew the Noble Queene,
There-to induc'd by poore *Lucilla's* spleene:
Then should *Lucilla* liue no longer day
But loose eah vitall benefite for aye:
Thus did the hope of vaine reuenge entice
Woman to proue more valiant then wife:
Whom I (as captiue) do retaine, till shee
Shall manu-mit my selfe, (her bond-flaue) free:
G R A. Heere in the Village doth your Goddesse liue?
A M I. Heere; and thy selfe though sprung of humane seed
As Iaylor to my Goddesse I areed.
Faithfully wise wee doe account thy loue;
And managing of this designe will proue
Thy elegant enforcements, touching mee,
Which (happily per-chaunce) may set both free.
O now my bloud and reason be at warre
With apparition of this fatall starre:
Fatall to mee, because enchanted beames
Shoote from her eye-lids into loue-sicke stremes:
See where shee comes with excellency enough
For fyfty thousand of the female sexe,
Beauties which blesse the owner, neighbours vex.

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

Act. 3. Scen. 8.

FAVOURINA, GRACCHVS, AMILCAR.

Are you my Lords attendant? **G R A.** (Madam) no,
But a poore bond-slaue, who can easily owe
The hazard of a soule in sacrifice

To his good Honours health, and pay the debt
Without compulsion, or a double threate.

A M I. Madame hee is the blessing of my fate
Borne to my fortunes, and my whole estate.

F A. So: then resolute what newes. **A M.** All feare is fled:
The worst of womans feare, *Lucilla's* dead.

F A. Most welcome tidings! speake, I pray, and stiffe
Your happy speech with circumstance enough.

A M I. *Tiranousl'd* vp from darkenesse by the day
Shrunke with amazement of the fatall morne,
(Remeinbring what a mischiefe should befall)
For cloudy night-caps hee againe did call,
When my suborned vassaire gaue consent

To swiannie (for satisfaction of our sake)
Through deepe damnations gulfe, so, through the lake
Of vn-digested horror, to accuse

My step-dame, yong *Lucilla*, of your death:
Hee, a dissembling caitife, deepeley read
In ir religious acts; with doubtfull face
More doubted voyce, and miserable grone
Salutes the foote-step of *Menanders* throne;
Then weeping, said, *the Worme of Conscience*
Strives in my blond; tortures my broken soule;
Haunted I am with terror whilst I live
Who to my life a period will give?

A finall period: for I live too long
Let villaines fortune be my fatall song,
With which the sorry King was some-what mou'd,
And (after silence) did exact his name

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

Proceeding to the circumstantiall cause;
My rude impostor did preuent the clause,
And seeming to afflict his pensiuē heart,
Backe from the royll foote-steps doth hee start:
Helpe, & defend mee from her hatefull frownes,
See where *Medusa-like* shée comes, (hee cried)
Clad all in torch-light like the Queene of hell
Her *scalpe's* en-circled with a Crowne of flames:
Much leane-iaw'd horror hangs about her eyes;
The gaping wound for greedy vengeance cryes.
What madnesse now affrights thee, quoth our knig?
Faire *Fauourina's* shadow hee replies,
For throughgh entisements of *Lucilla's* spleene
I slew the gallant Bride, and *Sparta's* Queene:
Lucilla, by consent, was doom'd to death
And my Impostor also, whom I taught
For lifes owne safe-guard to beseech the King,
That his vprighteous iudgement of grim death
Might faile of execution, iust so long
As the condemn'd *Lucilla* did suruiue
Thinking by this, then to discouer all
And say hee did preserue w hom shée conspir'd to kil.
The King, enrag'd with sorrow, did re-pell
This poore petition of my totur'd slave:
Who then despairing to escape from death
Drew forth a dagger, gave one fatall stab
Into the Kings owne bosome, with which wound
Hee like a lofty Turret, nodding low,
Clapt his vitorious palmes aboue his head,
And swore a mighty oath, *MENANDER'S DEAD.*
F.A. *Menander* dead? My King and Husband dead?
A.M. My slave torne peece-meale did enjoy his fate,
Lucilla burnt before the Pallace gate.
F.A. *Menander* dead? A.M. Yes, but *Thendippe's King.*
F.A. *Phendippe* King? A.M. Yes, but *MENANDER'S DEAD.*
F.A. Opprest with sorrow, I lament his death:
But am appeas'd by proud *Lucilla's* breath.

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

GRA. What is a womans loue? when to reuenge
And empty out the poys'on of her gall
Against some Lady her malignant foe
Shee doth forget compassion, doth refuse
Friendship to neighbours, duty to her Spouse,
Respect of parents, piety to bloud:
Nay, aboue these; abhor celestiall good.
AM. Now quickly (Madam) to disclose *you* *line*
Were dangerous, and preiudiciale I doubt:
Therefore exspect on opportunity,
Leaft you infringe the league of vnity;
Till I advise, liue (as you doe) securē:
Safety's no lesse accepted of obscure
And Country Pezants, then of Courted Kings:
Place cannot change the nature of good things.

Finis Actus tertij.

Act.4. Scæn. I.

MENANDER, LAELIO, MILITES.

THE Mountaine ecchoes they shall catch his name
And euery nooke re-iterate the same;
For I will teach the night-rauen to repeat
His pensiuē sound, the sleepy owle shall sing
And happy newes of lost *Pheidippe* bring:
Awake dumbe Ghost, *Pheidippe*, friend awake
And now repaire thy old mansion-place;
Returne *Pheidippe*: but a while returne
And truly answere to my iust demand
I will resigne a Kingdome to thy hand.
Hearke you madfurys of eternall night:
Boatl-man of *Stix*, by burning *Phlegon*
Secluded Angels, and superiour aide
I doe con-iure you to direct his soule

Backe

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

Backe to the bosome of that slaughtered Hearse
Ah *Charon Charon*, prethee Boats-man bring
His errant shadow to the place of rest,
And *Charon* I will Canonize thy name
Giue thee a *Queene* to sleepe in thy cold armes,
To kindle moisture in thy rugged limbes
And make thy waftage easy with her hymnes:
Bring but the soule of that ignoble man
To aske forgiuenesse, and I will forgiue.
A foolish hope! (heau'n knowes) for hee indeed
Hee hath a haughty stomach full of rage
Swolne-big with pride, begot of too much loue,
And my familiar vsage makes him thinke
(The more fault's mine) hee should not now submit.

LAE. O sir the finall stab of mischieves end
Hath struke him dead; hee cannot now amend.

M.E. No! 'tis a language difficult to learne
Though rules be frequent in our mother-tongue.

O that a lesson of one word; not two,
Should aske a life to learne, an age to do?

Yes; though *Pheidippes* age had beene deser'd
Till a consumption of the Vniuerse

In hope of his amendment, I belecue

Hee would haue purchas'd immortality

Through vice and vitiuous acts. LAE. Damnation claps,
Gaping for custome at mans new relaps.

M.E. Right: Can the earth yeeld such a faithles man
As false *Pheidippes*? LAE. O damnation laughs

Andwinged mischeife claps her dusky plumes,

If proud ambition great mens hope consumes.

M.E. What a continuall clapping is there then?

For daily hope consumes the greatest men:

I doe appeale to dead *Pheidippes* shame

Thou terror to my fense, a prodigy

Of all remembrance never to be match'd

With any Ghost or man except thy selfe:

Who through abortiue hope didst match thy selfe:

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

A man most worthy of all impious fame,
Who *Dos Phendippe* cleaped was by name.
Know (gallant sir) I did repose my life
Vpon the friend-ship of that foolish man;
Hee kept my soule betweene his Tyrant's armes
Nay (let mee adde) the value of my Crowne,
(For which some Kings would eu'n exchange their soule)
Hee kept both Soule and Crowne betwixt his armes,
Yet both lay open to excessiue harmes:
O if I had election to dispend
My fauour vpon such a Rogue as hee
But once, once more; I'd locke my counsell vp
And keepe my bosome secrets to my selfe.
LAE. Kings may indeed deprive their Senate-house
Of some pretence, and may (let others prate)
Conceale affaires belonging to the State.
ME. If hell affoorded such a menstruous ragge
I'de re-concile the error of my seace;
But, now may reckon vp some woe-full verse
For solid passion Poets best reherse.
LAE. A Poets rapture Kings haue wish'd to feele
Which some despise because vncapable.
ME. The Muses make my braine their banquet-house,
And thus with *Lucan* will wee frame our song
Of dreaded horror, whose in-human rage
Blew dire-full tempest through the *Tharsall* plaine
Of lawes neglected, and a stubborne age
Whose bloud & black-deeds did their country staine
Of ciuill discord, and a haplesse breach
In Kingdomes couenant, which did sore impeach
The worlds whole Confines, and their Publicke-weale
Wee sing, and sternely treat how euery deale
Standards met Standards, Ensignes were a-like,
Bowes threatned Bowes, and nimble speares the Pike.
(*Romans*) what inaduesse may wee terme this strife?
Be your owne blades let loose, against your life?
That Nations farre remote should see and smile

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

At your wide gaping wounds, and *Rome* reuile?
And must your hot encounters carlesse boyle,
When *Babylon* should perish in the spoyle
Of her victorious Trophies? when the Ghost
Of vnreuenged *Crassus* heere stood toss'd
Aboue ground? then must war-like humors breath
Which wanting triumph, want a worthy wreath.
O and alas! what Kingdomes, what renowne
This bloud might haue obtain'd? some temptiue Crowne,
Where beautious *Titan* sleepes, and heauy night
Exempts the ioyfull harbengers of light:
Else where the sweltring noone-day scalds with heate,
Else where continuall Winter takes her seate:
Where *Scythicke Pontus* pierc'd with crazy cold
Lyes bed-red on a cripple corner-moul'd,
Ceres might conquer'd beene, *Araxes* yoak'd
Had not domestick warre such broiles prouok'd.
If (*Rome*) thy battailes thou esteeme such blisse
Subdue all Kings, then were it not amisse
To combat with thy selfe; meane while breake of,
For multitude of foes may freely scoffe.
O M. Our King hath tasted iuice of *Helicon*.
M. E. Tasted? no foole, the Muses do entraunse
My deere imagination, I will swim
Through each sweete streme of rauish'd eloquence
Of Passion, Satyre, AEglogue, Epigram
Of Sonets, Imprecations, Epitaphes,
And by them all admonish Mighty Kings
To keepe their bosome lockt; for friendship stings..

Act. 4. Scoen. 2.

MENANDER, HYPONAX, LAELIO, EUPHOR-
BVS, HYARCHVS.

Go fetch a Garland from the Muses-groue
For I will sit amongst the Sheep-heard Swaines

Vpon

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

Vpon some pretty tuft or pleasant hill
Hung (in my honour) with fresh hallowed baies,
And echo forth an Alphabet of layes:
My Queene, poore Queene, bereft of beauties pride
Shall in our fancy sit and touch our side.
H. y. Grieue not, she was my daughter (gratiouse King)
M. e. Gratiouse, and King, be words not knowne to mee;
I am no King, nor will be gratiouse
But an impartiall Poet of this age
Who must inueigh at Kings and Kingly grace:
I must a multitude of woes rehearse
And stab my audience with I-ambicke verse:
Raile at the pecuynish humour of a slau
Whose rude examples be notorious.
Attend my whole narration (royall Dukes)
Remember how I did the Forrest rule,
How I amongst the troupe of Elephants,
Foxes, and Tygers, Apes, and Leopards,
Was, by appointment of my fathers will
Left as an heire legitimate, to liue
And re-establish my true parents bloud:
Remember and imagine I did rule
Like an audacious Lyon of the lawnes,
Who by mis-fortune haue caught a pricke
Which doth distemper his presuming paw
Meetes with a heart-lesse Pilgrime, doth salute
His coward fancy with a peale of feares
Then doth submit (some ceremonies done)
His roiall stournesse to the trembling man
Puts forth his pained member, shewes the wound
Till the distracte traueller con-ceiuers
A remedy to succour that which grieues:
The Lyon thus allur'd with seeming loue
Protects the Pilgrime by his noble force
Doth not for-sake him, fawnes vpon the wretch
Whose poore compulsiue cowardise did vrge
That tributar allegiance (not his loue)

Least

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

Least life should answere what his will deny'd:
Thus did they liue till the most faithlesse man
Grew so familiar hee was not afeare'd
To shake the sleeping Lyon by the beard:
Thus hee pretended still to be aboue
So flew the Lyon for his Kingly loue.
And thus, ô thus! did my *Pheudippe* deale:
For from the dust and dunghill did I raise
The needy fortunes of that naked man
Without all merit, saue hypocritry
Which was my thanke for all his dignity:
The Gods and you beare witnesse (noble friends)
I tooke that fellow for the truest man
That woman e're was blesse'd with; did beleue
His birth and education both Deuine,
Who was indeed a deuill; for whose death
My braincelesse fury did blasphem the Gods:
O if I had election to for-sake
The substance of my soules eternity,
If soule and body did together die
If deaths corruption could corrupt the soule,
(So make it vanish, and auoide controule,)
No speedy torment should escape, no death
Be vn-attempted, till my life and breath
Were as my soule is now, inuisible:
O I would climbe *Acro-seraunian* rockes,
Run to the top of *Etna*, or the Alpes
And rush downe head-long like a desperate slau'e;
Or like an *Ajax*, greedy of reuenge,
I would in-counter Woules, and Vnicornes,
Tempting the sauage worthies to assaile
My carelesse life, and so in-counter me.
E v. But fir, the soule of man is pretious,
Made of immortall essence, cannot die.
M E. So, I'me oppress'd with immortality,
And though my rotten Carkasse soone decay
Yet must my soule account for blasphemy:

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

For Blasphemy, which I in zealous loue
To a false lewd impostor did augment
With sharpe inventiues cou'n to vex the Gods.
H. I. P. Your loue to that dissembler was extreme
And all extremes beget extremitie.

M. E. To that dissembler, to that deuile, say;
To that Magitian, true-borne Impe of hell,
Speake thus; and let mee thanke your eloquence;
For had hee beene produc'd of earthly race
His charmes and witch-craft could not so deceiue
My narrow apprehension, ô attend!
And I will make you weepe before I end.

Phend ppe like a frozen viper was
Whom, I (delighted with a formall shew)
By chance tooke vp, and warmth and life bestow'd
Vpon this piteous creature; till at length
Hee crept and crawl'd into my bosome; I
Did suffer still, through plaine simplicity,
The se pent to become familiar;
My table and my Trencher gate him food,
Still did I suffer, still hee slept and fed
Vpon my trembling bosome; hee did kisse
And liche my tender veines, as I did his;
Still did I suffer, though my soundest friends
Bad mee beware of such a subtle Guest,
Guing faire cautions to embrace the best;
Still did I suffer, and did scourge aduice,
With sharpe rebukes, not valewing the price.
So long I sufferd, hee so long did sleepe,
So long hee liche'd mee, and so long time crept,
So long I lou'd him, hee so long time wept
With false affection, as hee did confirme
My not mis-doubting friend-ship, which was firme,
But after all my loue, and all his teares,
After my patience, and his creeping smiles,
My long, long sufferance, and his thankfull vowes;
After all these ô God, my bosome groanes

To

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

To thinke, that after all such boundlesse good
Hee wish'd to sucke vpon my royll bloud.

E V P. The subtle wretch, in mischiefe, did reioyce,
And was corrupted by the peoples voyce.

H Y A. True, they corrupt, whom they still hope to please
The peoples physicke, doth enflame disease.

M E N. Foule vengeance choake the people, and their loue,
They doe deieet whom they aduance aboue:

The peoples suffrage, to a rising youth
Is like their folly at a publicke Stage,
Striuing to purchase a dumbe audience
By multitude of clamour; they suppose
Peace is engendred by still crying peace,
As if confusio[n] did by murmur cease:
So they imagine, by their open mouth,
To make a Gyant, though but scarce a man:
They speake him vertuous, bountifull, and wise
Hoping polluted breath, might Canonize
Whom they (with dutry palmes) do seeme to raise,
And bind his Temples with their stinking baies:
No, they but make him dizzy, deafe, and mad,
Whom they desire to make a demi-god;
Their multitudes of clamour doe beget
A most vn-cured swimming of the head;
For so the rules of ringing do agree,
Confusion euer spoiles a harmony.

What Cox-combe now dares call *Menander* mad?

Doe not (I pray) abuse mee (noble boyes)

Although I be a Poet; all men know

I neuer wrot of *Cupids* whirligig,
Of amorous conceites, nor daliance,
And iust so long as Poets will abstaine
From foolish loue and *Cupids* Diety,
The Poets Art is counted Piety.

But if the tenor of a loue-sicke Theame

Stiffe rotten Volumnes then the Author's mad,

Or Moone-sicke, some iudicious booke-men, say,

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

Though others, amid' earnest, allow play.

E v p. (Alas good King) what sudden ouer-thow
Distracts poore weakenesse by a little woe?

M E. Who talks of woe? did you sweete passenger?
Open thy case if it bee parallel.

Let's liue co-partners in some vgly shade
Where none but melancholy night-rauens keepe
There let's complaine, but (breath being silent) weep.

Not farre from hence, low in a humble Caue,
My little cottage stands deuoid of care
Finely en-compas'd with a pleasant wauue
Drest vp with Daisies, Cow-slips, Hyacinths

And many thousand pretty, pretty things
Whch Nature lends me while the black-bird sings:
Foure Goats I haue which browze vpon the twigs,
Two did relinquish me, for I had six,

One seem'd a Lambe which was indeed a Wolfe,
Him did my dog discouer, kill, and eate --

E v. Wee doe discouer all thy weakenesse King
To helpe is hard, to weape an easy thing.

M E. Dares then thy blistredtongue (audacious foole)
Forget all duty anddisturbe a Duke?

(Impudent Ass) I do degrade thy cares
And thee, from all imployment; be an Ass
At large, and carry loaues, like *Lucius*
Deserue a Cudgell and a biting spurre,
Be dull and sluggish in extremities
Till I bestow a Rose or any thing
To make thy suddaine metamorphosis.

E v. It's made already (King) and I will kisse
Your dainty palme, then laugh, and Poetize
Cast of my robe and act old *Lucius*,
Or *Messala Coruino*; daunce I will,
And aftet sixty Summers will I doate
So, change my garment for a mimickes coate:

Captiues repine at their compulsiue thrall
Who then (sweete Mistresse) may me Captiue call?

Though

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

Though conquer'd I confesse

Yet vnde of heauiness:

For-bearance makes my freedome

At length to bee more welcome.

Wherewith compassion thou shalt pity

Mee; or approue my harmlesse Ditty:

If ransome you require

Tell mee thy chiefe desire;

What is it I would not give thee?

Make triall and beleue mee.

Ransome though you refuse

Or at the least excuse

Yet to the lateſt of a thouſand liues

I will reioyce in loue, triumph in giues.

O M. Age is become a yong in-amorate.

M E. Laugh, laugh, infernal furies leape for ioy;

Make mee a flaming Chariot, I will ride

Vpon the wings of potent Lucifer,

And flie, like lightning, through th'amazed Orbe.

Thunder shall be my Page, and *Aeolus*

Leade vp my Coach-horse to big *Titans* Hall,

Where in that faire Assembly of the Gods,

Glistering with golden robes Pontificall:

I must a volume of large thankes recite,

And a petition to dame *Luna* write:

All, for thy sweete acquaintance *Messala*

Whom I adore, and much will dignify

Those who pertake in rauish'd lunacy.

E v. So, then wee are companions (lusty ladde.)

M E. Till daring *Ione* dissolute the Vniuerſe,

Till the laſt reuolution of this Orbe.

E v. Till Cittizens accounted ciuill knaues,

To cheating custome be no longer ſlauues.

M E. Till ſage authentickes of vn-spotted liues

Leauē baudy Panderisme to their willing wiues.

E v. Then, faith til Courtiers too, with fatten flegues

Renownce all beggning and be arrant theeues.

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

M E. Till Taylors like-wise made of shreds and shelues
Enrich the debtor to vn-doe themselues.
E v P. Till the most gallant Ladies of the Court
Esteeme deuotion there abused sport.
M E. Then' faith till Players, Poets, (Ape and Asse)
Spend all they get from *June* to *Michaelmas*.
E v P. So then for euer shall wee liue like friends,
Thou must forgiue though *Messala* offends.
H i P: What can exceed these miracles of age,
Whose actions might againe reuive the stage?
A Common councell must protect the State,
Till mad *Menander* haue atton'd his fate:
Till *Cinthia* her punishment release
And giue *Menander* leaue to rule in peace.

Act. 4. Scœn. 3.

MANTESIO, MENANDER, EUPHORBVS,
LAELIO, PERILLVS.

Whither, ô whither, and to what extremes
Doe the most waking Gods driue guilty men?
M A N. Who liues to know, obtaines a blessed age,
But hee a curse, who knowledge doth abuse;
Subtle temptation must not make men erre
With iudgement, though approvall may conserre
Kingdomes of wealth, which is impossible
(So gotten) to continue, if well paid.
O since I knew the folly to aduise
And nourish vp the rude infirmities
Of each voluptuous Epicure in state
Striuing to take dependance from the smile
Of an imperious fauorite, weake shame
Neuer till now oppres'd mee; and I sweare
Did not the sword of iustice now strike home
I would in-counter shame with fortitude,
But a discarded woe (the common plague

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

Of servile age eeu'n dead with misery)
Hath after long for-bearance seiz'd on mee:
Phendippe's death was fatall to my life
Because neglected by his living wife.

M E. Haue I then caught thy vn-peased soule?
Tell mee, come tell mee, wicked wretch declare,
Why hast thou broken holy friend-ships vow?
Speake (damned vermin) each true accent tell
For wee'le vn-rip thy bosome spight of hell;
Speake thou contemptuous varlet, doe not strive
And shake thy limbs with vn-expressed feare,
For (trembling slave) my hand shall catch thy haire,
Hold thee perforce, with chaines of adamant,
Till thy audacious shadow quaking seeth,
If hands be weary I can hold by teeth.

M A N. But ô Iudicious -- M E. Villaine I abhorre
The hatefull sound of thy be-witching voyce,
Keefe in thy clamorous echo (coniurer)
And cease with Magicke to enchant our sence
Or I will fadge thy beard off with my breath:
O you damn'd fawning Rascall, canst thou shake
And tremble after all thy infamy?
Thou thanklesse, rotten-hearted-slave, thou snake
Did I deserue suppression? tell mee (Foxe)
You temporising Courtier, that's enough,
Hee needs not call thee knaue, nor Sycophant,
And ir-religious Iew, that cals thee so,
For thou didst study these; thinking to proue
A learned Polititian, that's a diuell,
A most abortiue monster, strangely made
With long huge hornes a crafty Foxes head
A Lyons posture and extended eares
With eighty soules and hearts, like little eggs;
But with a Camels backe, and Tygers legs;
Wanting a breast-bone, like the fauage Beare,
So climbe hee doth and curry vp the rockes,
Mounting the tops of straight Pyramides

But

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

But when hee tumbles, like a smitten Tower,
Declining softly to an omenous deirth,
First will his head salute the shaking earth.
The blacke remembrance of thy fatall end
Makes my assertion true, thee a false-friend:

M A. O pacifye great King. - M E. - Your yawning voice
With a full concord of my furious palme
If you produce another syllable
You most notorious caitife, you mad curre,
Thou Polititians dog, did I aduance
Thy ragged fortunes to degrade my selfe,
Make thee a partner of my Kingdomes ioy
Giue thee my Kingdomes pleasure, wealth, and wiues,
When I (made foolish) to make thee as King
Tooke the bare title and a glorious heape
Of golden sorrow requisite for Kings,
Keeping the best (by priuiledge) for thee
Without a second riuall? thus I did,
Nay, did I thus and yet thou proue vnkind?
I call my faith in question to demand
Such need-lesse truth, for thou didst proue vnkind,
Contriuing the subuersion of my rule
Which gaue a perfect essence to thy soule,
Submit, submit for shame, and say *forgive* :
Say but forgive and I am gratiouse.

M A. N. I am not (sacred King) as you suppose
The tortur'd Ghost of that in-glorious man
'Pheudippe, sunke below the verge of hell.
But old *Mantesio* is my seruile name,
Once did I serue whom you so much did loue,
The murdered honour of that haughty Duke.

M E. N. Thou Spirit of delusion, ô affirme
This doubtfull figment; once againe deny
A soule of reason to thy Soueraigne.

M A. N. My flesh doth witnesse for mee I doe liue.

M E. N. Am I then mad *Mantesio*? agree
Your are no Ghost and make the consequence.

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

E V P H. But brother, who's mad now? not *Messala*.

M E. Deride vs then, and be ridiculous.

Tell mee *Manteso*, why didst talke of curse,

Discarded woe, and vexing misery?

M A N. Of all I tasted in extremity.

M E. Liues there that soule vpon the spacious globe,

Which doth vprightly thinke it can deserue

Extremity of sorrow, heapes of woe

As did *Phedippe*? it's impossible:

No (good old man) though thy large multitude

Of capitall offences do exceed,

The wandring starres, I may account thee cleane,

Like a religious innocent, or babe,

As a bright Angell, to *Phedippe's* shame.

M A N. Yet am I poore, and will partake in woe:

M E. Canst be distracted? melancholike? mad?

Sweare by the beauty of the burning Zone?

Looke like a dead-mans scull, most scirvily?

Laugh, weepe, raile, sweare, and hang thy selfe at once?

Rend off thy pleated haire, be lunaticke?

Liue naked in a tempting wildernesse?

Call mee *Don Ajax*? liue by roots and hearbes?

Be a true male-content? be ever sad?

Cloudy, like *Christmas*? be dis-consolate?

And (aboue all) renounce society?

If thus thou canst obserue a dogged change,

If gloomy sorrow (made excessive strange)

Stab thy distracted senses to the life,

Wee may dispatch all fense without a knife.

But who comes heere? L A E. A Poet (preitious sir)

M E. Thy name? P E. *Perillus*. M E. O aduance thy tune,

Provoke thy sharpe *Melpomene* to sing

The story of a begger and the King.

Canst command Poems vn-præmedite?

P E R. I haue a little smacke of poesie,

Can smell the amber-breath that rapture brings,

Vpon recit of which my confort sings.

N

M E.

CINTHIA'S RÈVENGE.

ME. But I haue bedded the faire Muses nine,
Slept in the bosome of *Melpomene*,
Haue rid vpon the wings of *Pegasus*,
Drunke downe a floud of sparkling *Hypoceren*,
Keefe a perpetuall moisture in my head,
Hating such dilatory sloth of men,
From whose weake braines the rotten papers shed,
Like leaues in autumne; I account him quicke
Who is by nature so; with finall intent
Such (as my selfe) may be proficient:
I could now turne conceited stagerite,
And represent I will, with feeling straines,
The Ghost of *Crassus*, or cracke all my vaines:
Suppose me then the Ghost of that old man,
That sorry man, my ribs trans-fix'd with steele,
Or with a tempest of the *Scythian darts*,
My wounded carkasse blacke with bloody gore,
Long steep'd in frosty stupor, to arise,
With squallid rayment from the waues of hell,
And vnto *Pompeii* apparitions tell:
Will you great *Pompeii*, patron of my cause,
Who didst by solemne oath, vow full revenge?
Will you, the comfort of my funerals,
Tombe to my ashes, and my naked bones?
Will you, will *Pompeii* proue delinquent i hee,
Who hath in loue to *Crassus*, threatned stabs,
Death and destruction till deepe wounds increase,
Can hee loue *Crassus* foe, and seeke for peace?
Bleed then my gaping and forgotten wounds
Bleed eu'n afresh, or let my frozen blood,
Like a congealed sirrop, now dissolute,
After such cloudy seasons of the yeare,
Such heauy sorrow, and such doubtfull feare:
After so many dismall nights and dayes,
So many tempests of the *Stygian Barke*,
And prophesie, things fatall, true, but darke:
Calamity made famous by extremes
Erected in a marble monument,

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

Shall by her often meeting vexe thy minde,
Else by opposed number make thee blinde :
Horror and ruine (*Pompej*) shall affront
Thy shamelesse fortunes, thy fowle negligence,
Cities at thy subuerion shall reioyce
The sculs and trophies of thy captaines losse
The victor shall vpon his iaueling tosse ;
Where swift *Euphrates*, sent such worthy names
Tobiacke oblivion, and the tumbling waues
Of big-swolne *Tygris*, cast my carkasse dead
Vpon the margent of that muddy shore,
And gue to earth what *Neptune* could not keepe,
Hauing once cast my wounded limbes asleepe :
There shall thy woe approach, and *Pompej* know
If quicke avoidance bee not difficult,
Thou then more easely mightst attone the strife
Which thy proud factious *Nephew* hath begun,
Raging amid the heart of *Thessaly*.
Thinke but a while vpon the *Roman* orbe,
Thinke of thy friends at home, thinke who they are,
And those few friends with watchfull foes compare :
Thinke yet of *Egypt*, her seuen-headed gulfe,
Ioyne with *Egyptian Ptolomei*, and thriue,
His high tuition appertaines to thee,
Tender his nonage, aime at *Egypt*is throne,
Whose King hath but the shadow of a name,
Because a childish infant, lacking fame,
And feare, (the substance of a Diademe)
Nor thinke the old allegiance to their kings,
Can so estrange the peoples loue to thee,
But know the state of kingdomes be most milde,
If, or, the King is new, or is a childe :
Both do concurre to crowne thy happinesse,
Set saile for *Egypt*, make thy couenant there,
Oppose the *Parthi*, and depopulate
The fields, where *Crassus* did enioy his fate :
Say, from the cinders of a slaughtered man,

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

You tooke aduice to turne *Egyptian*.

P. E. Most liuely acted, and like *Roscius*.

L. A. E. Hee doth pronounce with volubility.

M. A. N. For a pure copious linguist hee doth well,
But for ingenious action doth excell.

E. V. P. The King for a Comædian I'faith;
But I will striue to act aboue thee (King)
And out of brim-stone rockes may vertue split,
I am a cold, and must go digge for wit.

M. E. Goe digge for wit whilst I am Ioviall,
And laugh and leape amorg my flatterers,
Come daunce *Lavoltoes* my familiar knaves,
Do you commend this mirth? O. M. Most happily.

P. E. R. Mirth may expell distraction, if tēcūre.

M. E. But ô my friend, I am not as I seeme,
Merry indeed but onely seeming so;
Vn-rip my bosome, and with lines of blood
Deeply ingrau'd vpon my trembling heart,
You may discerne attractive Epitaphs,
The shamefull curse of a contemptuous King,
A loue-knot double broken, and by whom
Friendship rewarded with extreame abuse;
False-hood, without a colour, and excuse.

P. E. What flinty flesh could now abstaine from teares?

M. E. Do then thy stranger thoughts compassionate,
And weepe at our in-humane destiny.

If thy relenting heart true passion feele,
Then let thy moist'ned loue some drops distill;
Weepe on (my friend) I cannot I controule
The copious fountaine; for a silent teare
Doth apprehend the quicke; but never howle:
Forsake mee now, and leaue me desolate,
I would revolve the lessons of my state.

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

Act. 4. Scen. 4.

THE GHOST OF PHEUDIPPE, MENANDER.

Vp from earths lodging, and those rotten sculs,
Buried in embers till the earth awake,
Wrapt in my funerall-ashes, safe reseru'd,
I doe arise from rude antiquity,
To begge but pardon as a mid-nights almes,

Feeling the horror of my fault immence,
Which doth exceed in nature all offence.

I come (*Menand. r.*) M E. Who *Menander* cal's?
What hidden Diuell dares molest my muse?

P H E. Denounce thy judgement with a milder tune,
I come (*Menand. r.*) M E. Death to my soule! what comes?
Who comes? or how do'st come? inuisible?

P H. I come with meeknesse. M E. Why, or whence dost come?
Damnation ouertake thee, what's thy name?
Shadow of *Stygian* horror! what's thy name?
(Intruder) know thy distance, keepe aloofe,
Come not within sixe yards, vpon the price
And perill of an vn-avoided charme:

By which, and thousand other potent spels,
The magicke *Herball*, oyntments, numbers odde,
By trans-mutations, mid-nights, *Incubus*,
Squint-ey'd *Eriethon*, soule of *Hecate*,
I doe con-iure thee, tell, and not mistake,
How fares *Pheudipp* of the *Stygian* lake?

P H E. O I am hee, a spirit of despaire,
Compact (by *loues* decree) of cloudy aire.

I am the wretch, who was in life, a span;
But in excessse of crime, a crooked man.

M E. Blesse the good stars aboue, thou guilty theefe
Which doe in-close thee with a robe of clouds,
Spight of protection else, and coats of steele,
The tempest of my passion thou shouldst feele;
Thunder and lightning should not dare with-stand

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

To take due vengeance from my fatall hand.

P H E. My tortures be aboue thy humane gesse,
The torment of my soule who may expresse?

My comforts now be multitudes of paine,
Viewing a number infinite of soules,
Which stufte the dampish pit with piercing howles,
Restlesse they tumble, hoping to get ease,
And, more they moue, out-rage doth more increase,
Wee raile at our conception, curse the skye,
And in the face of heau'n spit blasphemy.

Wee all enioy a most impatient curse,
Yet all suppose our owne paine still the worse ;
Motion doth vexe vs, sitting still doth vexe,
Torment, no age escapes, no sumptuous sexe :

M E. Did thy ambitious height incurre all this ?

P H E. My falsehood, flattery, and a Courtiers life,
(The fountaines to all sorrow) did infect
My soule with a disease vn-curable.

M E. I doe indeed forgiue thee, therefore tell
Compassion to the Purseuant of hell ;
Say I forgiue thee, and on that dis-charge,
Command the crabbed Taylor to in-large
Thy long and lowsie thralldome ; often lay
I doe forgiue thee (false vngracious man)
Often-times repeat, *the King forgiues,*
Often repeat, as an exemplar thing,
Thou hast obtain'd forgiuencesse of a King,
For a tall gyant-error, an offence
Made monstrous bigge by circumstance ; contempt
In a degree aboue comparison ;
Yet I forgiue those capitall crimes done :
If thou attainted be with some offence,
Equall in nature to this high contempt,
Goe then accurs'd, till I redeeme thee, goe
Accounted worthy of damnations woe :
But, because officers do sting like bees,
Say I forgiue thee, and will pay thy fees.

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

Few plaintifes, or appellants doe the like,
Though I without a iudgement will release
Errors escap'd from youth, soliue in peace.
P H E. But I am past repentance (royall sir)
And so thy pardon is like bounty giuen
To beggers dead, or med'cines ill-bestow'd
On separated members, like vaine life
Purchas'd by seales and writings after death,
And execution of a guilty cheefe;
There's no capacity for dead reliefe.
Kings, clad with numerous titles, cannot giue
Promethean fire, to make a dead man liue :
Pardon of Kings no benefite may deale,
Except it passe by a superiour scale:
Surfets and rupture, to be dumbe, and blinde,
Acknowlede Art; but surfets of the minde
And rupture in affections forcing ill,
Know none aboue, but a free gouern'd will :
Which if it proue re-misse, mans powerfull fate
Carries him head-long to my dann'd estate;
The ship-wrack'd Pilot may discerne a shelse,
But every foole vn-cheated, cheats himselfe :
Aduance thy pale desires, looke fresh and big,
Thinke on revenge, cleare thy contracted brow,
Be sensible of wrong, and (worthy) know
My false co-partners liue, who did conspire,
And frame the bellowes of ambitious fire :
Amulcar liues (my sonne) *Lucilla* liues
(Thy subtil sister) old *Mantesio* liues :
All my adharents, all competitors
In mischiefe, most well-knowne conspirators;
Yet all suruiue in safety, traytors liue :
Thinke on revenge, I doe aduise thee well;
Sleepe not vpon thy projects, if thou want
Opinion of a friend, heare mee a supplicant :
Levell inuention with a speedy aime,
Till thou the cunning of such knaues reclaime.

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

M E. My sister false? *Amilcar* such a knaue?
Who indeed is, but is affections slau?

P H. And none but him, iudgements encounter can,
Although aspersions touch the honest man.

Remember these my motiues, morning peepes,
The day no dilatory time doth giue,
To eccho forth at large, thy Queene doth line.

M E. Doth *Favorinaliue*? deere shadow itay,
P H. My absence is enforc'd through rising day.

M E. Split then in peeces thou pernicious toade,
My plagues diminish to augment thy load.

My Queene sur-viue? ioynt-cause of all my woe?
Of all my anger, blasphemy and rage?

Is shee reseru'd? doth *Favorinaliue*?

Whose absence made me raile at *Cinthia*?

O I haue swallow'd poysone, which torte entis
All my distracte d veines with agony,

A griefe continuing without all re-lease,
Coniumption of my paine breeds paines increase.

Now for ob-noxious compounds to possesse
The soule with everlasting lethargy,
Ransome of thousand Kings would I exchange,
Or like a beast, humanity estrange.

O for enchanted *Poppes*, or the iuice
Of drunken *Hemlocke*, to lay soules asleepe,
I'de like a Serpent on our belly creepe,
Licking each humble shrub, and carelesse feed

Vpon the stubble of each stinking weed.

Shreike o the mid-night-*indrakes* voyce aloud,
So may the horror of that piercing sound,
Turne soule and body both alike to ground:
Pel-mel together my affections fight,
Each conquer each, some scudd away by flight.

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

Act. 4. Scœn. 5.

AMILCAR.

Coynes and Lust, arch-enemies to loue,
Combat apace within my youthfull bloud ;
Feare to attempt my vn-experienc'd wish,
Tels me with what a coy and constant face
The Queene will start in motiues of my lust ;
(For I no better Title can bestow
On our audacious meaning) lust abounds,
Free from all apprehension of that loue
Which simple-meaning youths do still protest
And vow to virgin-chastity; but I,
Who am inflam'd with ambiguity
Will not imbarque a faithlesse vow so farre
As evaporate promise, which infects
Beyond fierce natures lust, and stabs my fame :
Because rich *Nature*, although couetous,
Loth to conferre a full satiety
Of goodnessse, vpon me her suppliant,
Hath yet impos'd one vertue aboue all,
In promise euer to disdaine the breach,
Though strict obseruance do my weale impeach :
Yes, I preferre the violent attache
Of maiden-head, before false promises ;
For (all can witnesse) rape's a thing in act,
So there's an end ; We never doe dissemble,
Nor do extinguish sparkes of sanctity
With fraud, with vn-supported periury,
(Joyning ranke false-hood to concupisence)
Protesting marriage to enioy a smacke,
And so deceiue the long desiuous wombe
Of hop'd fruition : A hot rauisher
Gives what the wombe would otherwife demand :
Yet will I not enrage my lust so farre,
As violence to wrong the beanteous Queene,

O

If

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

If shee (as women will) proue plyable,
Nor will engage on oath to assavere
What I disdaine, yoak'd-marriage; for indeed,
Wemen be clogs which hang about the necke
Of man, so heauy till it sometimes breake:
A well-couch'd theame of loue shall therefore try
If without promise I may mount on high:
The bonds of marriage I abhorre to chuse,
And rather would vpon such points refuse
The noble Queene (if to accomplish it
Were possible) then happily enioy:
Seeing nature doth demand variety,
Admitting which, with full societie,
Health is impeach'd, and many men made poore,
Who hauing honest wiues will hugge a whoore.

Act. 4. Scœn. 6.

AMILCAR, GRACCHVS.

Speake, is she made of waxe (solicitor?)
GR. Of mil-stones (my good Lord) for lime & chalke
Cannot expresse the full comparison:
Cold Images of Ice, and frozen snow,
Had beene dissolued with my summer speech
Piercing vnto the quicke, but constant shee,
Liketo some *Egle* on a *Cedar* top,
Disdaining idle nets, will perch aboue,
In spight of *Cupid*, and his potent loue.

AM I. I burne the rather, and by rape will quench
My lustfull famine, were she *Jones* owne wench.

GR A. O doe not offer head-strong violence;
Delay makes modest women more propense,
AM. Death & damnations plague to boot! how long
Must I abstaine (you smooth-tongu'd flatterer)
Till doomes-day? doe not vrge my flaming wrath,
Least you provoke a Lyon to the spoile.

By

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

By *Cupids* Sacraments of lust and loue,
I will no more delay (thou lazy dogge)
Dost triflē? speake forbearance, and delay?
I doe begin to be suspitious
Of thy proceedings : tell vs of delay ?
No, as the Faulcon doth a Phesant seize,
I will both seize vpon her (prating daw)
And trusse her vp in my Imperious claw.
(Sirrah) rememer, I did giue you meate,
Clothes, coine, and such good poore commodities,
When you were quite blowne vp with gamesters lucke,
Ragges and fowle linnen, scabbes and sciruy lice,
The quicke associates of all cheating dice,
Did honestly begin to set vp house
In your old single suit, 'pray do not make
Mee a disfisor of francke-tenements,
By tortious dealing with your free-holders,
Who had a better Title then my selfe
If you do proue vn-thankfull ; so consider.
G R A. Am I vp-braided? noble sir I thanke
The bounteous almes you lent my bare estate,
And I as freely doe reclaime desert,
As you did freely giue them; yet in-faith
I was not lowfie (Lord) consider well,
Though Lords be lowfie too sometimes ; if hell
Heau'n, earth, and men, be not so gratioues,
As to conceale infirmities of state.
A M. Say I am lowfie sir. G R A. Can pox forbid ?
But I must giue him better language now :
No (my respected sir) I dare not taxe
Especiall favorites, of lice or poxe,
'Mongst whom you are the chiefe, but milky f skin
That hath faire out-sides, may be fowle within.
And I againe do in despight averre,
'Voidance of lice from our natiuity.
Reclaime then that aspersion (Lord) and know
I was not lowfie, but like mid-night snow,

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

Pure, when thy selfe (now seeking to supplant)
Took't me to rescue from the iawes of want :
I was not lowfie (Lord) looke bigge and buist,
I will maintaine my credit, though accurst.

A M I. You were not lowfie (knaue) not ragged, no
Nor sicke, I condiscend; yet sirrah know
The plagues of *Egypt* all began to march
Full-mouth vpon thee (like devouring dogges)
Ready enough to rend a breathlesse Fox)
When I with noble pitty being oppress'd,
Flew forth like lightning to thy rescu'd life,
Which is indeed my proper donatiue.

Do not reply thou true insulting toade,
Squint-ey'd caitife, you pernitious rat,
You gelded rascall, you most lowfie rogue :
Do not reply, mad mastife, do not swell,
And thinke (because you can discouer well
My trickes of youth) to stop the seruent rage
Of our vn-tam'd affections; future age
Must, and shall, witnesse my fierce violence,
If thou discouer but one syllable ;
Nay, if thou entertaine a peece of thought,
Which by vn-masking mee doth hope revenge:
Sweare, sweare (you thick-lip'd rascal) kindly sweare
Without compulsion, or base-minded feare,
To be like mid-night, as a sepulchre,
Dumbe as a Turkish executioner,
Nay, as a marble statue, void of signes
Touching the substance of my secrerie.
Sweare (flaue) and thinke my soule a fury mad,
Able to force wide rupture through the face
Of threatening *Horror* to ~~end~~ damage thee;
As to demand account of periury.
Do not seeme loath, expecting new delay ;
For I can stab you (capon) to the quicke,
Cut off your Eunuch-nose, then laugh and kicke
Your lowfie stinking neats-iowle to the dogges..

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

G R A. Without collusion I do strictly swaere.

A M. And thinke withall, I who haue coine bestow'd,
Clothes, and faire countenance, with store of meat,
Can also giue sharpe sawce, which will procure
Digestion to the stomacke, else (proud sir)
You will dis-gorge the vomit in my face ;
If kindnesse do recoyle, let feare take place :

G R A. I am your foot-stoole, tread vpon my teeth,
And so charme silence if you do mis-doubt.

A M I. No, but remember if you shall bewray
My darke designments, or vse cheating play
In prosecution of my priuate cause,
(Hoping for payment from the *Spartan* lawes)
Remember that thy life, and interest
Of being rich, both owe a speciall rent
With homage, and knight-service vnto me,
Remember you do hold in *Capite*.

G R A. Cut then my seruile tongue out of my head,
Slit my suspected organs, make me dumbe,
Handlesse and fighlesse if you thinke me false,
For I must otherwise be false indeed :
Men that admonish to auoid some vice,
Must not inculcate motiues more then thrice,
Pupils much tutor'd with Identity
Of reprehension, proue but spur-gall Iades ;
Because they thinke the vicious estate
Of things habituall, doe argue fate,
Which to resist, they thinke impiety,
Exclude me therefore from society
Of human habitants, or leaue to vex,
Which is a torment to all human sexe.

A M I. I leaue addition, but consider well,
You are as deepe ingag'd almost as I ;
Which depth, of both engagements, reach to hell,
If any (but ~~thine~~ selues) the depth espy.

G R A. Sir, I haue broke the Ice to *Appetite*,
And with a studied phrase did I begin,

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

Hoping to thaw the coldest frosty North
By representing multitude of feares.

A M. And did she melt? G R. Yes melted into teares,
But was a stranger to my wanton tales :
Shee comes whom your hot loue so close empales.

Act. 4. Scoen. 7.

AMILCAR, FAVORINA, GRACCHVS.

Wonder of women, pompe and pride of earth,
Whose wofull absence might make beauties dearth,
Goddesse of loue-sick soules, thou glorious Nymph
Who mightst attract the Angels eyes to sinne :
O thou beyond *Amilcar's* country loue,
(Because indeed a concubine for *loue*),
Rob not the treasure of my soules delight,
Which lies imprison'd in æternall night.

F A. Did you for this (most lying impious man)
Pull me from refuge and protection safe?
Giue me aduice, in hope of due reuenge,
To follow thee, forsake the Title *Queen*
Of Sparta, to become a *Queen of Lust*?
For this did you sollicite (beastly Lord?)

And labour by this talking Eunuch-bawd,
To conquer chastity through faithleſſe fraud?
For this did you obtest high oathes aboue
My poore conceit, to shew dissembling loue?
A M I. Let me againe obtest the waking Gods,
Or (beyond them) your beauteous diety,
(Which to abuse, were vild impiety)

Thy glad fruition were a ransom'd soule,
Or kingdomes conquest in my rich account
Of glorious beauty; giuing more content
Then soules imagine, or great kingdomes may.
Wee call to witnesse thy imperious hate,
And do appeale to vertue of thy loue,

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

(If hate and loue may both together lodge)

Thy loue surmounts my value, doth infuse
A sudden rapture to my longing soule,
Doth change dull nature, quicken vp my braine,
Put a perfume into my sordid breath,
And is indeed restoratiue to death.

F A. If you intend a true religious loue,
Professe it sir, without offence to *Iose*,
And so remember blessed nuptials;
For hee enjoyes his fate and funerals,
Who sometime was *Menander*, and my spouse;

Your selfe did seale his death by constant vowes.

Speake then, and let thy answere be direct,

Or I shall thinke, religion you neglect.

G R A. O shee hath giuen his fury a full stab,
My sweet-mouth'd Courtier swallows downe a crab.

The Eele is in a sand-bagge, some good man

See how the mimicke scrues an Alphabet

Of hungry faces, how the maggot crawles

To feed vpon the kernell. F A. Who replyes?

G R A. Againe, againe (for loues sake) spur the Jade:

Giue him another pill, provoke the flauie,

And make him spue his heart with madnesse; melt

His larded veines with striving to extend

A lowrie answere; but the Idoll speakes.

F A. What makes *Amilcar* dumbe with my request?

What makes thy trembling blood so pale and wanne,

Most like the colour of a dying man?

A M. The sad remembrance of my foolish vow,

Vexes meeke apprehension; yeelding forth

In stead of answere; ambiguities.

G R A. Looke for a subtil rare-compacted lye.

A M. Madam, the vow mayes mee monasticall,

I haue protested a true single life,

Which did ingender a *Dilemma*, long,

But religious indeed. G R A. Ridiculous,

Indeed you are a Goat libidinous.

A M. I.

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

A M I. I neuer will be yoak'd, by consequence
No drawing beast, no big laborious oxe,
I must not marry madame. **F A V.** Must you then
(Because not marry, to auoyd the oxe)
Liue like a noted and egggregious Asse ?
Or like a Cannell, fierce with flaming lust ?
Would you seduce my weaker innocence ?
Secke to intrap my credulous conceit ?
You must not marry, would you then defile
The modest thoughts of virgin-chastity ?
Would you take licence from a single life,
To make each maid a whore, not being a wife ?
I blush to view such vild affinity,
Betwixt a Goatish beard, and bearded men.

A M I. But be familiar (Madam) and re-call
I was a target once to thee condemn'd,
Both by *Lucilla*, and *Pheudippe*'s doome ;
Remember Madam, I did turne the edge
Of quicke *Lucilla*'s wrath vpon her selfe,
Tooke thy confiscate beauty from the snare
Of imminent sub-version, drew thee out
As fro.n a gulfe which gaping, ready stood
To swallow downe thy honor, sing thy hurt,
So change thy golden dignity to dust.

I did (remember Madam) banish hate,
For I did wrestle with vp-rising fate.

F A V. You did infranchise my condemned life,
You did returne *Lucilla*'s point of spleene
Vpon her wicked botome, whence it came ;
You (sir) did manage my neglected cause,
Tooke my confiscate beauty from the snare
Of imminent sub-version ; you did this ;
You, you haue beene my target, you alone
Drew my forgotten safety from the teeth
Of tugging dangers ; you alone did this ;
And did you this to amplifie abuse ?
Did you reserue my innocence for this ?

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

For this did you protect my ignorance?
You kept my carkasse from a rampant Woolfe,
To feed your tame, but hungry, Lyons whelpe:
You did preuent a neere captiuitiy,
To make my thralldome be notorious;
You, from a guiltlesse danger, did redeeme
My maiden thoughts, to make the danger, guilt;
Thou gau'st new being ('bout too faile before)
After which being, must I be thy whore?
Faith you haue done a deed of charity,
Tooke mee by rescue, from death past the chin,
To rip my pregnant wombe, and flea my skin.
But know (*Amilcar*) I am so resolu'd
Vpon the spot-lesse loue of chastity,
As I with proper violence will rend
My wombe in peeces, teare my tempting face
And go beyond a womans forritude,
Rather then (like a Strumpet) prostitute.
A M. E. (Queene) I contemne your points of chastity,
Laugh at such idle trickes to colour sinne:
You are a captiue in my custody,
Consider well the law of time and place
Be at my proper nod; if naked lust
Bribe mee to some in-justice, doe not blame
A smooth acceptance; for the frugallage
Wherein I hue, doth barke aloud for fees
Which in themselves be bribes; if to the knees,
Or necke, some rascall knaue be drench'd in bloud,
The scarlet can absoluue a scarlet sinne
And call deepe slaughter a correctiue deed,
Then blame the bribes which did in-justice feed,
Blame not the man (I pray;) so blame our lust
Not mee *Amilcar*, if enjoy wee must.
F. A. Hane you decreed some rauisher's attempt?
Will you determine to be violent?
A dead pale horror doth possesse thy cheeke
With repetition of the simple sound;

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

Thou violate a virgins chasteitie?
Canst thou commit an odious rape, a sinne
Of such high out-rage; yet looke pale and dead
Vpon recitall of the sinne it selfe?
A M I L. Nip mee (good *Gracchus*) how? looke pale and dead?
Fetch *Aqua-fortis* (*Gracchus*) stab my arme,
A shaking palsie doth oppresse my heart;
How? pale, and dead? G R A. (Wife woman) I adore
The quicke inuention, and if Gods agree
Will in despight of false-hood set her free.
F A. O what damn'd terror to a wicked man
Be guilty thoughts, considering offencee
(Fitly compar'd to prodigall expence:)
Nor may the valiant' st sinnefull youth alive
With resolution so in-wal'd appeare
But his high heart will be below his feare.
Can you commit lewd rape (*Amilcar?*) no:
Maids, and chaste women need no more defence
For hot inuasion, except innocence.
Earnest resistance, by but one true maide,
Will make the fiercest rauisher afraid:
For if a virgin violate you see
Shee did in part deny, in part agree:
Firme resolution of a maidens hand,
Tall Gyant-letchers, cannot halfe with-stand.
A M I L. Take her (good *Gracchus*) to your custody
Be thou my bawd, and purge Phlebotomy.

Act. 4. Scen. 8.

MENANDER, EUPHOREVS, LAELIO, PERILLVS,
BVFO, LVCILLA, MANTESIO.

Our Scene is *Ajax*; the most valiant soule
Of which tall Champion, truely doth possesse
My corpulent square limbs; then (subiects) call,
Call mee braue *Ajax* that renowned Peere

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

Æquall to *Agamemnon*, wee presume
By our Tragedians Art to Deify:

Latio must Act *Vlysses*. LAE. I agree.

MEN. *Mantefio* and *Lucilla* must like mutes

Expect vpon my rage all counterfeit,

As did the sauage throng that *Ajax* slew;

Robes shall not make a metamorphosis;

Wee may suppose you whom the Scene requires

Some sauage couple fit for *Ajax* wrath.

AM. You may command vs. ME. but braue *Messala*

Acts *Agamemnon*. EV. Brother I am glad

To thanke your estimation of my parts

And I will striue to please you sir, though mad.

ME. *Bufo*, *Perillus*, both be Chiese-taines too,

Attentive to decide the argument

Of our contention, striuing to deserue

The honour of *Achilles* after death.

AM. Wee both be vassailes to your celitude.

ME. Each take his part and study to rehearse

That none may stumble at an easy verse.

BVF. *Manander* is a Delphicke Oracle.

MEN. Be silent, leaue this big *Hyperbole*,

And shew thy breeding modest. BVF. Sir I am

A Gallant, thankes to Tailors, and good clothes,

Yet keepe no crafty Page to picke a purse:

Nor doe I often play the *Sodomite*,

Will, with a liuely posture personate

The Scene of *Ajax*, and inioy our fate.

MEN. Enough, the soleinne festiuall of ioy

Which doth ensue, exacts your diligence,

To giue some testimoniall indeed

Of true deseruings; thinke mee bountifull

If any Actor in my troupe excell.

Fortune I doe contemne thee; firs aduance

And in despight of death, vse vigilance.

Finis actus quarti.

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

Act. 5. Scæn. I.

GRACCHVS, FAVORINA, GLADIATOR.

Madam, all chaste desires be laudable,
But if you tempt a mischiefe mercilesse,
Such certaine truths be doubtfull to auoide;
And I prefer the publicke safety still
(Which wants you as a chiefe and moving wheele)
Before my simple damage, though the curse,
Railings, and wrath of my contemptuous Lord
Fall fast vpon me, like so many shaftes
Shot fro n heau'ns fabricke by offended *Love*:
Come therefore death, destruction, stabs or steele,
Come out-rage, madnesse, fierce amazing oathes,
Terror, and tortures come, what can betide,
You shall, vñknowne, by our aduice escape
Leaſt long exspectance doe incurre the rape.
FAV. I much commend your zealous charity,
Yet I beliue *Amilcar* cannot wrong
The harmefolle meaning of our innocence:
Suppose I doe exspect vpon the rage
And loufull fury of that impious man,
Yet I presume the Gods will gouerne iust
And giue such valour to a vertuous maide
As shee may well in-counter Canibals.
Why should *Amilcar* seeme to conquer mee?
Or why assault my noble chastyty?
Secured hope, and heauen can witnesse too
I haue no biting bosome-snake which gnawes
With greedy vulture-teeth and flinging iawes
Vpon the pretious comfort of my soule;
No ſecond In-mate ready to controule
Our quiet actions; no loud ſcarefull ſinne
To ſlab mee in the midſt of honest mirth

And

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

And ouer-looke the musike of my minde,
To make mee stut and rob mee of content
No, no (good *Gracchus*) I am innocent,
And therefore not excluded from the helpe
Of heauens tuition; know I dare affront
Amilcar in the fury of his flames,
Raile at the stubborne youth, and make him melt
Eeu'n like a leaden statue, or indeed
Like soyme obdurate image caru'd of Ice,
Which through one blast of lightning doe despaire
And from tall statues vanish into aire:
I feele within mee such true noble signes
Of earnest courage, as no female thought
Can (except pure and pious) well compare:
I am not valiant, like a drunken whore,
Rampling by vertue of abused wine;
Nor is my resolution desperate,
I am not fardelss, to see feare abound
But innocence is resolutions ground.

G.R.A. Will you neglect my cou'sell to escape?
Will your deluded loue to innocence
Not reckon meanes ordain'd for innocence?
Protection doth imply our vigilance,
Else vertue is reputed arrogance;
Honest and simple hearts alone deserue
That in extremitie pure holinesse
Should make meanes thriue, not without good meanes, blesse.
(Madam) I swaere they lacke humanity
Who will teach men to tempt their destiny;
Beleeue it (*Faurina*) I should feare
The doubtfull mercy of a hungry Beare:
They who desire to feele the Lyons paw
May liue in compasse of the Lyons Cau;

I know good meanes, neglected, make a flau.
F.A. (*Gracchus*) I once againe commend your zeale
Thanke, and admit your loue, which labours well
To win the heighth of our capacity:

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

But (*Gracchus*) tell mee now, suppose I stay,
Suppose *Amilear* doe continue still,
Like a wilde Satyre, most libidinous;
Admit hee shall extend so farre as rape
And by the ruine of our modest grace
Erect a shamefull *Priapus* in place?
Tell mee (good *Gracchus*) what rich victory
Can the foole boast of? what egregious act
Can hee ascribe to conquest of our sex?
We are alas like wals vn-fortified,
Or like a Castle made of March-pane wals
Easely subdu'd, without fierce rauishment.
Women were made to make rash men repent.
Shame to my fortunes, I did seek reuenge
And sure the Gods will turne reuenge on mee;
Lucilla's death, the Kings *Catastrophe*
Might haue bene both auoided, if reuenge
And malice had not bene so force-able
To banish pitty from our spightfull brest,
The want of which procur'd a funerall chest
To keepe the cinders of a sleeping paire;
Which losse, no time can proue, no age repaire:
Lucilla's death had my malicious doome
As Epitaph to dead *Mananders* Tombe;
The plaintiffs lye which prou'd *Lucilla's* death
Did like-wise rob *Manander* of his breath.
G R A. (Madam) you are deluded; I can gine
A testimoniall that both doe liue.
F A. *Manander* liue? and doth *Lucilla* liue?
Speake it againe, pro claime the newes aloud
Let heauen and earth be witnesse to thy tale:
Speake it againe (good *Gracchus*) giue the Gods
Notice againe of my certificate
Which makes mee in a glorious estate:
Dance my deiected soule, sing merrily
Leape all my organs, I am innocent,
Gracchus will witnesse, I am innocent,

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

I did not kill *Menander*, not accuse
My riuallyong *Lucilla*, no (good heau'n)
Gracchus will witnesse I am innocent:
Lucillatues, my best *MENANDER* liues,
Speake it againe (good *Gracchus*.) G.R. both do liue.
F.A. Beare witnesse now; heark heauen, he said they liue
Take speciall notice of his name and words
For hee is prompt enough to iustify
Our depositions, neither will hee lye:
No, hee's an honest, very honest man
Is called *Gracchus* so inscribe his name;
And set his certaine testimoniall
Upon record: *Lucilla doth suruine*
And my Mænander bee is yet aline:
So faith good *Gracchus*, so inscribe the same,
Joy hath no passage through my rauish'd soule:
I did before put on a painted face
Forging false colour to my innocence
But now indeed am truely innocent:
Thou *Gracchus* be my iudge, and heau'n be iudge
I am not now defil'd with bloudy thoughts
And searefull argues; thou be like-wise iudge
That false *Amilcar* is a menstruous ragge,
A youth ranke-rotten, before mellow-ripe:
Flye-blowne already as a carkasse hot
Which hath no shelter from the dog-day Sunne:
Beyond all vertues cunning to reclaime:
Goodnesse and reformation bee to him
Monsters in nature; and detested more,
Then of a Hermite is the common-whore.
Vices, like Maggots, creepe on him so thicke,
As who destroies the one, hee must not sticke
To follow the sub-version of them both:
Of lewd *Amilcar* and his lustfull growth.
G.R.A. Who can escape the lime-twigs which are set
By loose affections to ensnare himselfe?
Man doth about him carry watchfull foes

Anc

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

And must be carefull to in-counter those;
For all without him, though by troupes they come
Cannot offend, who is in peace at home:

Amilcar (Madam) is now riding post
Vpon exact imployments; his returne
Is doubtfull, therefore to auoid delay,
The loue and duty of my zeale obey.
A friend in whom I claime full interest
Doth giue attendance to accompany
Your Grace, till I can trusse a fardell vp
And follow. F A. What's thy friend? *G R. A Fencer.*

G L A. I am ingag'd vpon fidelity
And must preserue you from hostility,
Eeu'n to the latest of a mortall life,
I will defend thee widdow, maide, or wife.
F A. My new redemption is a doubtfull taske,
You both doe promise more then I will aske:
And though my fquint-ey'd fortune looke afaunce
Yet heau'n will succour my deliuerance:
Which being once purchas'd, proud *Amilcar's* lust
Shall vanish into *Salamanders* dust.

G R. A. Put on the wings of speed; flie fast away
I follow (Madam) before peeping day.

Act. 5. Scen. 2.

GRACCUS, AMILCAR, SERVI.

Successe attend her, till I soone dispatch
And speedily escape *Amilcar's* rage.
Saddle my horse, and fetch my Catkets, hoe,
Seruants make ready I must ride to *Athens*.
All men desirous to preuent quicke fate
Scorne (aboue all things) to procrastinate:
Watch there without, like busy centinels
And o'er my Lords returne, see some fore-tels. --
S E R. HEE is return'd already; doth approach,

Saith

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

Saith you may trauaile in his new Caroch.

G R A. Yes, to the diuell; death! is hee return'd?

I am vndone, I am vndone; (good genius)

Helpe mee; (good Angels) be auspicious,

Or I shall perish past recouery:

Senge mee some lightning, though in-visible;

O burne my bleeding heart; consume, consume!

Flye from my nostrils an infectious fume!

Stop all my organs, ô commisserate

The bad mis-fortune of a poore estate:

Hee comes, hee comes-- A M. (*Gracchus* my deere) how doft?

What answere makes my Goddesse? doth thee melt?

Doth she recant and aske my pardon? speake.

G R A. No: I am troubled with a falling rhume.

A M. Fetch forth *Pigmalions* Image, I will doate,

And so become *Cupids* Idolater:

Stay *Gracchus*, wee will both accompany

Her sacred passage to the publicke aire:

What shaking palsie doth detaine thy steps?

Where is the Queene? speake (trembling coward) speake.

G R A. She ouer-came mee with incessant teares;

To those I yeelded, ô forgiue my feares.

A M. Yeelded? (base caitife) be our hopes all dead?

My labour, lyes, delusion, studied care,

All turn'd to smoake through yeelding of a drudge?

All our engagements, my beneuolence,

My projects, aimes, and large gratuities,

All come to this? the center of my thoughts,

My double trickes, and cunny-catching flights,

All come to this? the rich felicity

Whereon my faith was grounded, come to this?

Come gasty horror to consummate all,

Adde ruine like-wise to my wit-lesse fall.

O my loud curse! delusion was my baite

And I am now deluded; learning failes;

No new inuented stratageme auiales;

And vertue I am not acquainted with;

CINTHIA'S R EVENGE.

O you damn'd rogue, 'tis holliday at home,
You hope the Queene (sir) will aduance you high,
And hope so still, but (very, very knaue).
I will dis-ioint your eleuated hopes;
And make you (sir) an *Alcibiades*:
The Queene departed? G R A. Pitty did preuaile,
For shee did weepe, nor did of passion faile:
Her eyes (good Lady!) did with weeping smart,
Which made mee giue her licence to depart.
A M I. I am vndone (you fragment) I'me vndone,
I am detected, whither shall I runne?
The haruest of my long laborious toyle,
Now I haue swom through death and swallow'd fire,
Giu'n doubtfull fury a most braue repulse
Put backe suspence, and all approaching feares
Almost concluded things impossible;
Made smooth my way; and tilted in the face
Of frowning mischiefe ready to take place;
Now, now is all sub-verted; I am lost
In a large Wood, a winding labyrinth:
I am excluded from all natuue power,
Am like the rubbish of a ruin'd Tower;
I am abus'd, I am to death betrai'd,
By thee a doctor villaine; not afrai'd
To sweare mee homage, and vn-lace my heart:
The blessings of your body, breath, and soule
Be so engag'd, as their existence knowes
Not one redeemer among all the Gods,
(Fabulous things to you) except my selfe;
Thus did you sweare, and swore I gaue thee life,
Nay did bestow a whole creations worke
Vpon thee offal-castiffe, who ador'd
Impression of my foote-steps that was all
Expecting hourelly on the happy time
When I should dare command what you durst doe,
When with aduantage, I would but pronounce
O Gracchus giue mee of thy bloud an ounce:

Thus

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

Thus did you sweare, you dog-day-villaine, thus;
And yet your actions bee malicious:
Teach mee, some diuell, to torment the rogue,
Else take the righteous rigor of his fault
Into the depth of hels extremity;
Rescue, & rescue this offending wretch
(Some powers aboue) from my most fatall-wrath,
For to afflict thee as the crime deserues
Would loose a double part in Paradice:
Yet must I punish thee (thou Spiders-gall)--

S E R. The toade and spider cannot chuse but brawle.
A M.--- I must (you creeping cur) and would refuse
Rather to be a God, then to forgiue
A thing so capitall; and thou escapes;
But an arch-diuell would I euer bee
A fiend of horrour beneath all degree,
Eate flames and brimstone to beget mee fierce
That with astonish'd fury I might pierce
And split each sinew; seare thy plumpest vaine,
So racking thy feeling with perpetuall paine.

G R A. O feele compassion, for I do repent.
A M. Repent? compassion? I would rather whip
My weakned carcasse with a Scorpions taile;
Dwell in a nest of Adders, make them sting
Till patience could endure; then wash my wounds
With burning pitch and lamp-oile, bath in leade,
Or make a poultice of some swelling toad,
Rather then take one cruell thought from load.

G R A. Your meanace and commotion do torment
Aboue all suffering; & I will repent
Sixe thousand times a day; deuoure my flesh,
Feede vpon frogs, or quaffe dōwne aconite,
Kisse and embrace, afearefull *Succubus*,
If you but leaue to terrifie mee thus.

A M. No(theeuish tumbler)leaue thy cheating tricks
And sweare allegiance to some puny Lord,
Make those beleue that lacke intelligence,

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

For I am lasht with true experience:
Though on thy bosome thou wouldest therefore crawle,
And, like a Serpent, liue vpon the dust:
Though by continuall creeping thou didst weare
Thy breast and belly, (so become submisſe
In a most new degree) didſt likē pathes cleane
Where I ſhould walke, and ſcrape away the filth:
Employ each feruile ſinew to my ends,
Yet you and I muſt neuer more be friends:
Fall flat vpon thy face (thou paracide)
Fall downe as ready (captiue) to abide
Our indignation, which in child-birth lies,
Big with a thouſand ſwelling lunacies:
Expecting all to be deliuereſt out,
And by vexation of thy falling ſtrength,
To be an orbe in bredth, an age in length:
Fall (thou condemned Shiſmaticke) and charme
The killing rage of my aduanced arme;
* For I ſhall proue ſo desperatly mad
And full of rigor, in my sharpe reuenge;
As to reuoule the terrour of my doome
Phansy doth tremble, but my rage makes roome:
(Faſle wretch) I muſt forget humanity,
And fall acquainted with ſome forreſt Woolſe;
Hee, and ſuch bloody Tutors ſhall instruct
The shameleſſe Art of ſauage cruelty,
To kill thee, and become exorbitant;
I will anatoſiſe thy limbs aliuē;
Will mince ſmall gobbeſt of thy quaking flesh
And feed my Haukes, while life continues fresh
Within the bloody morſell; make the ſluce
To quauer when they ſwallow downe the iuice:
The Turke ſhall teach mee to extend ſome plague
Of moſt vnſuffering nature: till the day,
And thy blaſpheming breath doe both decay.
But ô (quicke ſorrow ſeize mee) what auailes
This villaines torture to my liuing woe?

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

For I (except I quickly be trans-form'd
Into a Rat, a Hedge-hog, Lowse, or Toade,
Some base and obscure animall) must feele.

Torments more tedious then tongues may expresse,
A Equall to which is doubtfull heauinesse:

Nay, our attempts and high abuses done
Be of such horrid shape, such ample straine;

As to absoluie them would require a Saint
With speciall pardon from almighty *loue*:

Yes, though I should obtaine that idle wish
Of transmigration; yet the shamefull troupe
Of sinnes which weare my scarlet liuery
Would follow fast, and (as *Acteons* dogs)

Teare mee to peeces, not remembring, once,
That I was maister of the family:

If, to become a new conformitant,
Imly'd a veniall act; each vertuous thought
Should be my fellow: 'tis the fault of all,
Wee doe despaire to stand, because we fall.

One maxime I retaine by priuiledge;
Such secrets, they doe seldome thriue, nor can,
Where we depend vpon the breath of man:
O had my drudge, my Vassale bene but true,
And faithfull to the fore-cast of my hopes,
I had bene braue confederate of Kings,
Nay, might haue cal'd some Kings my feodars.
(O deuill) hadst thou bene to my desires.

A sudden knaue and dutifull enough:
But for a time hadst thou continued so
Vntill some limitation did expire
With such obseruance as ranke deuils vse
Vpon the pretious morgage of a soule
I had bene ready to depart withall;
With pleasures, titles, all things, to enrich
Thy budding fortunes; all did I deserue
Till death determin'd my approaching fate,
Onely to thee, then all, was consecrate,

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

By due surrender; but (yong prodigall)
Your hopes and life (poore slave) be pawn'd to mee
Whom no sworne-diuels Broker shall exceed
In securuy vsage, though my heart-strings bleed.

G R A. If no true mercy then may mittigate
Thy dull and stupid deafenesse, I do dare
The vt-most of your frantick violence,
Cast all thy Adder-stings vpon my heart;
Be thy conceited cramps more exquisite
Then is a terrible tormenting Bull;
Breake forth (*Hyan.*) get some pecuiful dwarfe
To hake mee downe at leasure; till I stand
Like a *Colosses*, like a Cedar tall
And yet immoueable with smarting wounds:
Stab me now (tyrant) or inflict full paine
Vpon each noble ioint and glorious veine,
Vertue shall keepe mee with a sacred charme
Against the strength of a stipendious arme:
The challenge of my cause being heard at large
All (to thy damage) woulde my grieves discharge
Mocke babes and children (sir) with rods in pisse,
I did approue no true defence like this,
That I haue done vprightly; knit your brow,
Swell with a crabbed face conformatable,
Let your offended garbidge fry in steakes,
Truth will auerre, and honest dealing speakes
That I haue done vprightly; be ashame
Of thy vniust reuenge, and murther nam'd.

A M I. Dare you then bwze (you beetle) and aduance
Your voice to contradict superiours?
Proud slave come neerer; hee may liue 'mong rats,
Who will be daunted with a swarne of gnats,
Much lesse with one poore mushtrump; petty sir
'Pray leue to grumble, (you mad factious curre)
Torments shall mittigate and make you tame
Paines worse then death, shal make thee deadly lame.
G R A. Do I deserue such paines? no fiery youth

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

I haue done most vprightly, will discharge

A good officious part, if you proceed,

I will vn-maske your shamefull trickes indeed.

A M. A squib, a squib, cracke, flash, and spit apace,

Breake(my oxe-bladder)'vanish into breath,

A scrinch-owle bids thee sing before thy death,

Squeake out rare bag-pipe; flesh-flye buzzes againe,

Seeme to insult with voyce, (thou very sound)

Take thy last leaue, bequeath short life to ground.

G R A. Harke how the monstrous whale doth roare alowd.

A M. Presaging tempests (Pilot) in the straights.

G R A. No huge sea-wonder) I a sword-fish am,

Who will by vertue most vpright and plaine,

Sting thee, and thresh thee, till thou rore with paine:

Proud man, remember what thou well deseru'st,

Thinke who hath tempted royall chastity;

VVho like a cheating thiefe did steale the Queene,

VVith lying vowes, and studied shamelesse oathes,

Did play the Iuggler; left the Kings high-way,

And went about to breake inclosures: thinke

VVho did excell in mischiefe, who did stiue

To worship Diuels, who did seeke by lust,

And meanes new moulded, most in-ordinate,

To make a Heauenly Saint a Sodomite,

Compell pure thoughts to worship *Priapus* .

Thinke who pretended to defile the Queene,

And did (aboue pretence) affirme the death

Of mad *Manander*, the deluded King,

And vow *Lucilla*'s death: obserue yong sir

The sutable description to the end;

And tell vs if it bee significant:

Or if the language be too blunt; obserue;

Tell your opinion of the congruence,

And spew a whetstone vp er'e I proceed:

Thinke if I vse (sir) an affected stile,

Thinke also of the strange absurdities,

Thinke who's the subiect of my railing theame,

And:

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

And when thou dost consider heauily
It is thy wicked selfe whereof I speake
And all vprightly spoken; you'l perceiue
You want much leasure (friend) to punish mee
For mischieses neerer hand doe threaten thee:
Except thou dost despaire and hang thy selfe.
A M I. Impudent diuell, didst not heare the voice
Of threatening tortures; like so many toads,
Night-rauens, or scritch-owles which together sing
Thy deaths decree, as a sad funerall dirge?
Repent, repent (slaue) and consider well,
Who is now failing to the gates of hell.
(Seruants) come apprehend this Eunuch; hoe,
Reserue him till the rigor of my doome
Demands sharpe execution; tie the wretch
With loading manacles, and crucifie
This false condemned railer fifty times,
Till with excesse of paine the Traitor dies.
G R A. I cannot now with-stand hostility,
But follow death with such alacrity
As one resolu'd vpon religious warre,
Such deaths doe purchase a triumphal carre.

Act. 5. Scœn. 3.

EUPHOREVS, BVFQ, MENANDER, LAELIO,
LVCILLA, MANTESIO, PERILLVS.

*Vnfold your Ensignes, beate your silent Drums,
Exchange (I say) their sable cognisance,
Adding a limitation to the feares
Of this great Captaines death: exhausted teares
May mitigate compunction, not despaire
A losse unmatched well worthy of repaire.
Weeping should shew our zeale, not once repine
At Preuidence aboue, which is Divine.*

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

B v. But (Agamemnon) now the funerall rites
Be finished; new horror, new despights
Speake with a bloody accent: Ajax roares,
And like a tempest, or the Gyants race,
which lay encamp'd against the God-like face
Of great Olimpus, doth hee bellow forth
Bumbast exclaines, and calls vpon desert;
Give me (saith hee) that armour which is due,
And (as a trophy of eternall fame)
May stout Achilles, that most valiant man,
Suruiue in mee: O thou vn-thankfull Greece,
(Helmets and launces bee my Orators)
Thou art indebted to my braue designes
Past restitution; let some Souldier speake,
And call thee Bankrout; for I am abus'd:
Will you admit a rivall then saith hee.
In my magnanimous aimes to conquer mee?
Will you admit Vlysses? L A E. They approach.

M E. Shall eu'ry coward be competitor
with Princes of such potent fortitude,
Such high descent, such saintish pedigree
As Greece can tell? Ajax doe enjoy?

For loue and all the Gods acknowledge mee,
My arme hath whole share in the dust of Troy.

P E R. True (Ajax) true, take double share in dust,
But for Achilles now contend we must.

M E. Contend with me? (thou creeving snaile) with me?
Whom wrathfull Hector on his Elephant,
Mounted like Neptune on the curled wavyes,
Loath to encounter, did forsake the field;
Through his faire absence did the Troians yeeld.

P E. But (Ajax) wise men know selfe-arrogance
Is still instructed sir to amplifie.

M E. Fie (urating excompe) what a senselle foole

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

*A stupid wretch, and suffring Asse am I
To enter-change the aire, and empty voice
With such a sheeps-bead, a poore Ithacan?*

P E R. (Aiax) *Your Giant bragges lacke pollicy,
Strength wanting wisedome, argues extasie.*

M E. *Giue vs our launce and helmet, I consume
Till I haue turn'd this coward into fume:*

*Fetch some offensive swords, and scimitars,
Javelings and a taxe, I will crush this Ape,
And as at trophey weare the captiue skinne;
(The doubtfull terror of my certaine spoile
Which may affright, and make our foes recoile.)*

P E R. *What high renowne or fame is to be had
By fighting with a Souldier who is mad?*

M E. *O my forgotten fury swell apace,
And spit forth lightning in the cowards face,
Who hath no title to his bold pretence,
But a most a poore vn-tutor'd eloquence.*

E V. *Aiax— B v. Be silent, Agamemnon speakes.*

E V. *Hang taming fetters on your lofty frownes,
Compell thy wrath which is predominant,
Force wilde affections (Aiax:) I professe,*

*Aiax you are too violent; leue rage,
And by appointment of my poore aduice,
You (in this great assembly) shall recount
Your noble acts; which if they do amount
Beyond Vlysses memorable deeds,*

*The armour of Achilles then succeeds
To thee alone, made happy through desert,
Else to Vlysses shall the armes reuert.*

M E. *Then let me challenge some prerogatiue
From this forgotten place: laugh Iupiter,
And blame the stupid braines of this rude throng,
Which with unthankfull cies can here beheld*

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

The ships, the sands, the tattred sailes and shore,
(All rescu'd vassales of my ventrous arme).
Yet make vs dead, and vaine Vlysses warme;
Warmed with the bounty which the frozen snake
Will but abuse (my Lords) and you mistake.
What man was hee tooke danger by the iawes?
Gave an assault of battry to the ribs
Of rampant Horror? how'd a passage out
From spoile and ruine, to reape victory?
Wrestled, and rescu'd Nausicaa from the fire?
And did (for safety) senge his beard with flames?
Gave to triumphant Hector the repulse?
Quench'd a combustion æquall in extremes
To burning Phaeton, and the torrid Zone?
What man was hee? Not talking verbalist;
But I, eeu'n Ajax, with but halfe a fist:
Where was my smooth-tongu'd aduersary then?
What hope had weake Vlysses to supply
A Captaines part with schoole-boyes eloquence?
No (poore Vlysses) if thou apprehena'st
My vn-resisted victories aright;
If you conceine your disabilities,
Your inclinations naturall, and raw,
Your lame, and halting courage in exploit;
Remembering sir with whom you do contend,
With mee, with Ajax, whom no feares offend,
Then magnifie your selfe, and thinke it praise,
Aboue thy merits, to confess, by drum,
By harpe and sacke-but, that (thoough ouer-come)
Thou didst yet striue with Ajax, and renounce
Each other title, which may well denounce
Thee indiscreet, and thy assumption proud;
Helpe mee (deere wisedome) to refraine, for I
Shall he transported into answ.

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

By vertue of a sight soomenous,
So full of brazen impudence and feare,
As that proud linguisht, my competitor.
Aduance, aduance, your melancholy brow,
Bend your attentiuue polititians care
To that which heauen and I will assuere,
You haue been taught to dance, and turne the heele,
To runne away betimes, and to forsake
Thy friend, nay soule, upon extremity.
Nestor, Tydides, both can well auerre,
You lacke the rules of doctrine militant;
All rescue is accounted heresie:
Which rule (if pitty and compassion both
Were not my maximes friend) had cost your life:
I saw death's Sergeant ready to arrest
Thy pensiuue soule, when tumbling downe to earth,
I threw my target on thy pallid hearse,
Draue backe thy foes, and did thy soule reuurse.
Will you (sir) walke unto the place againe?
Gos faigne some foes approach, put feare enough,
And woundis on, for a shift, shrinke vp againe,
And like the Tortoise under-creepe your shell;
So sir contend I pray, and stammer well:
Be wise (you mighty Captaines) and collect
How Hector did the Troian troopes renew,
Amazing vount-guards with a multitude
Of heathen Gods giuing a bloody cause
Of quicke despaire to my Antagonist;
Nay to the valiant and prouinciall Dukes:
This dreadfull man, this Hector (tosing soules
Like Gnats and Ants-egges downe to Erebus)
I beate him groaning, laid his limbs asleepe;
And like a mountaine from the firmament,
Downe fell great Hector from his Elephant.

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

Let then a wreath of Oke empale my head,
And let Vlysses share with Diomed.

Mars be my equall iudge ! what simple man
(Except in league with sottish ignorance)
would (upon forfeit of his patrimony,
And stocke of wisedome to debility)

Admit Vlysses my competitor
To striue in iest with Ajax? if desert
Shall in the vp-shot be prae-dominant,

Looke on our out-sides, on our helmets looke ;
View each mans Beuer, Breast-plate, Sword and Launce,
Looke on our out-sides hoe ! consider well
And parue upon each target ; giue me leaue,
To shew the tokens of a Souldiers claime,
And to vncase a cowards infamy.

Marke but the difference betwixt our shields :
Mine (a true target) hath sustain'd whole groues
Of artificiall timber, topt with steele,
I stood like Mars among my Troian foes,
when all forsooke me but my faithfull targe,
It still continued, and did nobly keepe,
My limbs expos'd to danger of the field ;
A Crocodile I thinke may couert sleepe
within the large wounds of my open shield :
Cast (I beseech) now halfe a pur-blinde looke
Upon that theeuish varlet, and his shield,
Obserue how smooth and faire his night-caps be,
His helmets (Lords) I meane, obserue his shield,
His Beuer trim'd twice twenty times a day ;
His gauntletts, gorgets, and his gilded Armes,
All of a sweet complexion, sanguine sappe,
As to encounter some fine Ladies lappe :
Meaning to be a Champion of the smockes,
A gallant spruce young warriour indeed.

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

Warre shall prese wiues; for Souldiers do not bleed.
Account my phrase no ambiguity,
Vlysses sloth my words will verifie:
I laugh most freely to imagine how
Effeminate Vlysses will support
The massy fabricke of Achilles armes,
If my deseruings shall be rob'd and loose
That which I honour, and affection woes.
E v. (Ajax) enongh; Vlysses now begin:
P B R. Desire (alas) being not effectuall
To raise from Cinders dead mortality,
And make a liuing heire indubitate,
Heau'n saith, hee shall remaine ambiguous,
Till you (great Judges) doe decide the strife,
And so restore Achilles unto life:
Which, because doubtfull, I doe challenge grace
Of you my patrons, and this publicke place.
The bragging fellow Ajax doth deriuie
A long forgotten age from Telamon,
Striuing to fetch a foolish argument
Of his renowned acts, from high descent,
If which dead picture of Kings pedigree,
Could but insue a fortune competent,
And make that piercing wisedome of the soule
A thing intituled to inheritance,
I could produce a genealogy,
From sacred Ioue, and subtil Mercury;
But, may the best of all my stratagems,
Which to thy sole aduantage (happy Greece)
I haue inuented; may they perish all
When I assume the vertue of my fire,
As agent for my hope, and chiefe desire.
Who tempted braue Achilles to the siege
When hee (detain'd with feare of destiny)

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

Was een n excluded in a female robe?
When hee forgot to be pontificall,
And was a true virago? did refuse
Both weapons, and each little sound of warre?
I had a feeling of my countries cause,
And drew Achilles to the Troian warres;
That mighty Captaine of the Mermedons
I drew to battell, made him disobey
His mother-goddesse, to aduance the state
Of weary toile, and trouble Pergamus:
I put his armour on; gaue weapons too;
For what I gaue (great Lords) I humbly wooe.
Speake, did not I encounter Telephon?
Turne Thebes to ashes? conquer Tenedos?
Chryses, and Cylla, Syron, Hector, Troy,
All do acknowledge me; my valiant arme,
My notable aduice; all attribute
The shamelesse ruine of subuerted Troy
To me, as author sole, and absolute
Of such a safety to the common-weale;
which, notwithstanding (fathers) I renounce,
And must acknowledge you the principals
Of an atchicuement so perspicuous:
And what souer the vaine peoples voice,
Captaines report, and painfull Souldiers loue,
Doth by mis-guided error giue to mee,
I render backe with all humility.
To urge my owne directions, and aduice
In Architecture of that happy horse,
That fatall fabricke (being so fresh in thought)
Were to condemne you (mindfull country-men)
Of that which wisedome loathes, Ingratitude.
To reckon vp Minerua's image, bought
With hazard of my breath, and precious limbs,

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

When wedging barres flew from the Iron gates,
And gaue accessse unto that sacred spell,
Might argue a most false obliuion
In your quicke wisedomes with strange impudence
In my most bold surmisse. But (Mighties all)
May stupid Ajax his reproachfull termes,
(Without each scruple to your iudging eares)
Be twice retorted in his rotten teeth ;
So hee may swallow downe such base Rebukes,
And make amends to me : for let him know,
My suffring shoulders could sustaine the load
Not of Achilles armour, but his lumpe
Of solid, brawny flesh, both legges and armes,
Nay the whole massy trunke truss'd vp in steele :
I (Ajax) I, that carkeasse once be-stridde,
Vpon my shoulders tooke his heauy trunke
when death stood there, and in the midſt of all
Carried Achilles to his funerall.
When after thousand ſharpe calamities
Of warre, of winter, famine, pestilence,
Of parching dog-daisies, long and tedious,
Of tempeſt, thunder, much mortality,
After all theſe, and ten yeares doubtfull ſiege,
when you forſooke the Campe, did ſo recoile,
As almoſt ſcorning a recovery ;
I charm'd the top-maſt, hal'd you backe to ſhore,
Conuerted all to conqueſt, which before
Did ſeeme above my dull iuuentive braine,
Gine me a need for ten yeares toile and paine.
O m. ſucced Vlyſſes, take thy rich deſire.
M e. Death to my fortunes ! ſhall Vlyſſes rob
My long deſeruings of ſo rich a claime ?
I will increase the bargaine, ſtay a while
Take my memento. O m. Sir. avoid his rage.

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

M E. Doſt flye from vengeance? whither can you flye?
whither (thou ſhifting coward) to eſcape
The indignation of my doubtleſſe wrath?
See how the lurking caitife there doth hide
His Cuckow-bill; what fury could abſtaine?

L V C. M A N. Angels protect vs; helpe, we both are ſtaine?

L A E. P E. Defend it (ſtition.) M E. Helpe it forward (faith)
And giue ſome fee to Iuſtice: (gallants) know,
Miſchiefe to high extreames this paire did wooc.

A M. With falſe Pheudippe did conſpire wee two.

M E. Harke they confeſſe what wonder did reueale,
Giue your applaufe, and make a merry peale:
Call mee not *Aiax* now, but *Mercury*,
Who could vn-tye a Tragick riddle thus;
Worthy to be eſteem'd miraculous.

Act. 5. Scen. 4.

FAVORINA, GLADIATOR

Cannot you (ſir) eſpye the honest man
(That noble Eunuch, my deliueter)
Good *Gracchus* comming yet? G L A. (Deere Madame) no.

F A V. Indeed my phansie doth ſuggeſt new feare,
Seeming to tell me *Gracchus* is detain'd
By his Lords rage, who did (I doubt) returne
Sooner then hee ex'pected; which deſpight
If I could well coniecture to bee true,
With wings of lightning I'de againe goe backe
And bring my Eunuch from captiuity.

G L A. Take then ſome officers to apprehend
The luſtfull traitor. F A. Such delay is long,
And my deere Eunuch may be dead alas
With tortures and extremitie of paine,
Er'e ſuch late rescue doth aduantage giue,
To qualifie his torment; hee, good man,
(Little affeſted with ensuing harme)

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

Which is repaid (I feare) with bloody stripes :
Stay not my purpose ; but giue charity
A gentle freedome to deliuier one
Who is my comfort ; (friend) I will returne :
And (let no liuing soule participate
Of what I say, except my selfe and aire) *aside* ¶
I will, through colour of a pious end,
Enjoy *Amilcar*, whom I did refuse :
For, to set free my Eunuch, will affoord
A fine prætext, though I do prostitute ;
Which I did eeu'n desire, exspecting still
Vpon each little signe of violence,
(The modest shadow of a secret whore)
So will I winne what was halfe lost before.

G L A. Madam, you do protract the pretious time,
F A. Leau me, I will returne. G L A. The way's not farre ;
Walke on whilst I assemble Officers.

F A. A needlesse caution, be content I pray
To take no care, saue what I shall command ;
Be not so dutifull aboue thy hire,
Bring mee no water when I call for fire.
G L A. A riddle : so in safeties name walke on :
Yet seeing the woman will be obstinate,
I (to auoid suspition) will goe homē,
Fetch neighbours, and incompaſſe round the walles,
If Lords like out-lawes liue, the kingdome falles.

Act. 5. Scœn. 5.

HYARCHVS, HIPPONAX, LAELIO.

When, when (ô Goddesse) will thy anger leauē
To punish nature, and afflict poore man,
Who was created to offendue sinne ?
The Souldiers awe, and common peoples rage,
Mike ciuill customes be licentious ;
Rapine, rude contracts, discord, enmity,
All take their essence from one extasie :
Hipp. *Amilcar* is come, he will be here to day.

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

His life alone procures the kingdomes fall :

LAE. The longer life, the losse more eminent:

Know (Lords) I am a witnesse ocular,

And may with priuiledge informe you both
Of a most new and fatall accident :

The King, *Menander*, did produce a Scene,

A Scene of *Ajax*, that vnhappy play

(Pretending sport) became a Tragedy

For blood, and breath's effluxion : fwe deepe wounds
(wearing *Menanders badge*) at once depriu'd

The sister Royall, next ally'd, by law

Of birth, and natuie consanguinity,

From hope of all succession to the chaire.

A M B. *Lucilla* dead? LAE. VVith her *Mantefio* sleeps:

Each life was tributary to the rage

Of our mad King; but each accus'd it selfe

As priuy, to that arch-conspiracy

So long forgotten; to *Phendippe's* crime.

H Y. Conceal'd so long? H I P. Who did discouer it?

LAE. A question doubtfull; but *Manander* saith

An apparition did reueale the truth.

H I P. Shadows may walke indeed. H Y. Impossible!

I am resolu'd against all argument;

I am incredulous; dead neuer walke.

LAE. Neuer the same, yet the similitude,

H Y. Who sayes againe so, weel'e averre the lye;

What be no things of nature, I account

Fables. H I P. You are not Metaphysicall.

H Y. No sir: I thinke the age is giddy; death!

Can wee from ashes raile a second life?

The age is drunken sure. LAE. A doting age.

H Y. The times are dizzy. LAE. No man doth deny

A theame so irrepugnable and true:

Reasons owne selfe will be our advocate

In prouing what you speake; for punies know

The world's lame reuoluti'on hath beene long,

And all partake of mundane giddiness:

The turning round of earth hath touch'd our braine;

The world is more absurd and vaine.

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

HIP. Age must decline, life's comfort will decay,
Though all things perish, let religion stay.

Act.5. Scen.6.

AMILCAR, FAVORINA, GRACCHVS, GLADIA-
TOR, SERVI: STIPATORES.

I haue a thousand plagues in readinesse,
Strappadoes, and empalements, pitch, and oily
A Rake of Bow-strings, a tormenting Bull,
Hogs-heads with nailes inuerted; furies whips,
And artificiall prickes of Adders bone,
Which to behold, in practise on my flauie,
Your Lady-ship is welcome; and approach
Most opportunely (Madam:) after all
When grieve hath sear'd your eye-sight vp; you shall
Then be dis-burthn'd of that chastity
Which is a trouble to your conscience:
I (Madam) will remoue the deere suspence
Of question; whither you may prostitute,
And so resolute you a whore absolute:
(Servants) come cast my drudge vpon the wheelie;
Stand vp-right (rascall) stand sir, do not reele,
Take your last leaue of standing; say adiew
To ease; and as you leaue paine, looke for new.
F A v. O sauе my Eunuch, and I will submit
My whole reuenuie, life, and chastity
To your disposall. A M I. President of shame!
Shoote (hell) a bon-fire of vnbounded flame,
And may each heau'ly star augment his light
To make this woman famous; may each night
Change foggy darkenesse to prodigious day,
And (by some signe) a subtle whoore display
To be the miracle of monstrous age
Worthy of iudgements quill, and natures stage.
Are you the vestall? that religious Nun,
Who speake no stellable but *Innocence*,
Sacred devotion, *Virgin chastity*?

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

Raile at our fleshly sinnes, concupisence,
Temptations actuall, and yet embrace,
Nay, hug hels bosome? creepe into the vice
(Which you would seeme so liuely to abhorre).
Gaping at small occasion? (Madam) know
Affection is my seruant, *Will* my slauue,
Passion my drudge, *Temptation* is my page
And I more easily can command them all,
Then may a Turke his tugging Gally-slauue:
Know, I contemne that curteous venery
Which is affoorded scot-free; such nice dames
Would seeme to couer when they couer *flames*.
Of puddle-water no sicke patient drinke;
A pretious odour, cheapely valued, stinkes.
And, that you may conceiue how I esteeme
Your beauty; thus will I deform-- F.A. O helpe.
G.L.A. Harke (neighbours) follow, force downe locks & bars,
Attach the Traitor, A.M.T. Am I then betrai'd?
G.L.A. Take vp the Queene. F.A. My wound's not mortall; stay
Release that Eunuch. S.T.I. Keepe the Traitor safe.
F.A. Con-vey him as an Ideot, or Drudge;
My *Wrong* may be accuser, Clearke, and Judge.

Act.5. Scœn.7.

MENANDER, EUPHORBVS, BVFO,
LAELIO.

Tilt in my face (*Euphorbus*) and reclaime
The slight opinion of our Deity.
Tilt in our face (I say) and thence collect
If I be *Hermes*; make some steady thrust,
And call mee *Sacred*, *Matchlesse*, *Mercury*:
Beleeue it (youth) I will dif-joine thy necke
And shoulders, if thou dost againe deny
That I am *Hermes*, *Jones* Embassadour,
A winged, and im-penetrable God:
Tilt therefore in my face, tilt speedily;
Bye-bye, iur'd by lawes of sanctitie.

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

E V P. The fiend (sir) doth oppresse my feeble arme,
M E N. (Caitifē) prouoke not my offensiuē rage
Least I deprive thee of all future age.

E V P. Then I must kill thee (King.) M E. I am a God;
Translated by the voice of Parliament
Which sits aboue this cloudy firmament:
I am a God *Euphorbus*; am no King;
The *Tawny-more*, and *Ethiop* shall bring
Vnto my Altars pleasant sacrifice,
Fresh *Ope-balſum*; Fawnes of paradice;
Roe-bucke's and balme to please our Deity.
Stab vs (thou Athieft) stab vs, and beleue
That I am perfect shadow, am a God;
Thrust thy vn-willing Poniard through my ribs;
And thence perceiue our full Deuinity;
Auoide my wrath (I say) 'tis dangerous,
If you refuse, I am vnmercifull.

E v. Stand to thy fortune (God) my dagger comes:
M E. Deep enough dig then: ô my ſmal wound ſmarts
My breath is ſtopt, my God-like ſoule departs.
E V P. So: I now assume the intellectuall robe
Of *Reason*; and re-linquifh *Lunacy*
Which idle feare brought mee acquainted with:
And (as I hope) the vnderſtanding heads,
Which rule this Common-wealths ſociety;
Will conſtrue this *an aſt of Piety*.

L AE. Where is the King? I carry newes of ioy--
B v. Where is the King? dead *Fauorina* liues.
E v. Heere liſt the King who did enforce a death
Vpon the perill of his Authors life,
If hee refus'd to execute his will.

A M B O. *Euphorbus* then recover'd? E v. Yes; for I
Did counterfeiſt a couz'ning lunacy.

A M. *Sparta* behoues to acknowledge thee her friend.
L AE. The ſentence of *Amilcar* let's attend.

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

Act. 5. Scœn. 8.

HYARCHVS, EUPHOREVS, HIPPONAX, LAELIO,
AMILCAR, FAVORINA, BVFO, GRACCHVS,
GLADIATOR, LESBIA, MILITES,
STIPATORES.

OM. Long liue the Queene. H I P. Draw the damn'd villaine
And let him swallow sulphure; flaming pitch, (forth,
Or else be roasted pittifleſſe aliue.

AM I. O giue mee oile of *Mandrakes*, Poppey iuice
Or poyon of infected *Hellebor*.

HY. Flea him, and make a trophey of his skin.

FA V. Cut off his members; bind and broile the flauē.

H I P. Let him be quarterd. AM I. To deceiue all these
Were pollicy aboue the rules of Art:

I haue concluded to preuent the ſhapes
Of torturē; death by death alone escapes.

OM. Saue, ſaue the Traitor, ſaue him. GLA: Hee is dead.

H I P. May then the Traitor ſleepe in torturē bed.

EV P. But may *Menanders* dying ſoule ascend;
Whom for the ſafety of this Common-wealtheſt,
I did reſtore to happieneſſe and health.

H I P. HY. Amazement of our age! wonder of time!

EV P. Touch'd with a ſeeling of my Countries good
I dipt my dagger in his royll blood,
By his owne chiefe deſire; ſo leauē mad care,
Which my ſuſpicion did aſſume through feare. (ſchoole

OM. The Queene ſhall Crowne thee. EV P. So I leauē the
Of madneſſe, to become mad fortunes foole.

FA V. Remove the Carkaffe of that ſlaught'red King.

EV P. Wee once obey'd him: after extaſy
Let's therefore follow his dead obſequy.

(Nature) ſtand ſpeech-leſſe, for aboue thy part
With man preuailes both Lunacy and Art.

CINTHIA'S REVENGE.

Act. 5. Scen. 9.

CINTHIA.

Horror, affrightments, deaht, and anger flye,
Flye to the bottome of hels darke *Abyss*,
That heau'n may smale vpon the clouded earth
And all take notice wee are pacif'd:
Grim death triumphant whose empaled brow
Can terrefy the factious vngs below,
(Who when wee were incens'd through blasphemy
Sent forth feuenge to please our Deity)
Shall now enchaine that mischiefe merciless,
And qualify reuengefull greedinesse:
Discloud thy lustre (my new borrowed shinc)
Scatter thy foggy damp, which doe debarre
My bounteous lamp of vniuersall light:
Let exhalations giue my honour place,
All stars attendant looke earth in the face.
Gods cannot dwell in rage; though slimy man
If but ennobled by permisſive law,
Dares prosecute his vengeance to the death
Till hee extirpe a whole posterity:
Wee though immortall, though aboue best braines
To comprehend; though sole efficients,
Though every thing in esseſce, though deuine,
Though Gods; (in which one syllable, the summe
Of every thing's inuolu'd) though Gods wee are,
Yet in compassion wee doe ſtill accept
Those that prophane our ſacred holinesſe.
For; ſhould the anger of Omnipotence
Punish man-kind ſo often, or ſo long
As their infatiate folly doth deserue,
Ione would be weary and the Gods aboue
Turne boyling wrath into abouant loue.

FINIS.

